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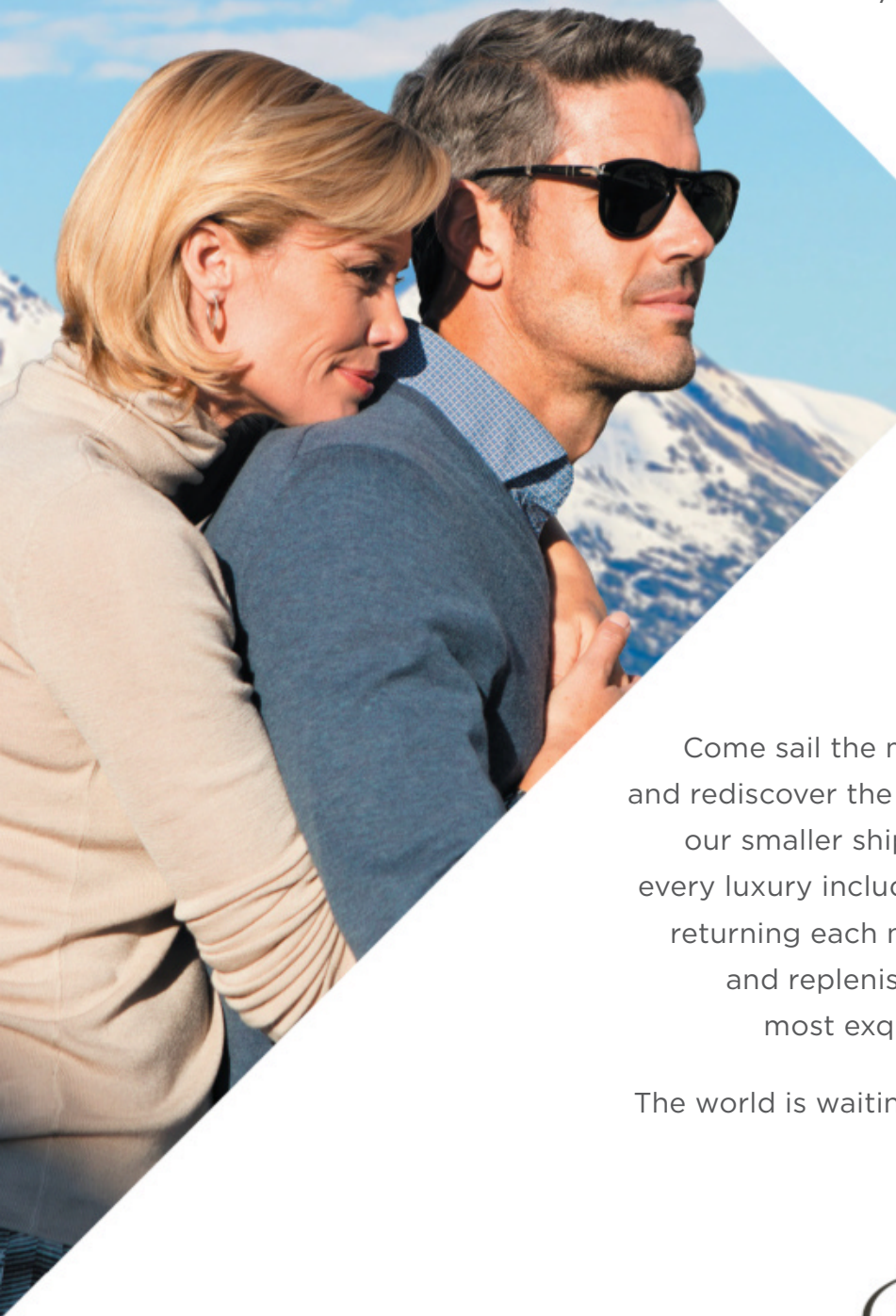
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CONTENTS

Departments

8 Letter from the Editor

10 Reasons to Discover America

T+L spotlights the visionaries effecting change in communities across the United States—and why their work should inspire you to hit the road.

Experiences

28 **A CULTURAL FEAST** Museum-hopping through Italy's Emilia-Romagna region provides plenty of stops for *specialità locali*.

34 **PRIDE OF PLACE** In Ontario, Canada, a family discovers a region that was a terminus of the Underground Railroad, welcoming Black people escaping slavery.

38 **ALL OVER THE MAP** Stuck at home, one writer realizes his atlas collection offers more than a mere geography lesson.

40 **BREATHING NEW LIFE INTO BRASÍLIA** Young creatives find the soul in the clinical planned environments and Modernist landmarks of the Brazilian capital.

44 **THE FINE PRINT** A design-focused trip to Jaipur, India, where textiles are expertly printed and dyed by hand.

48 **SMALL CITY, BIG DREAMS** How the family behind Walmart paved the way for a perfect weekend of IPAs, shuffleboard, and remarkable art in northwest Arkansas.

54 Intelligent Traveler

New airports so well designed you'll be tempted to miss your connection; stylish cabins that promise escape for urbanites; an African hotel that hosts a gallery of bespoke works; and more.



Works by Henry Moore at the Yorkshire Sculpture Park, in England (page 68).

Features

68 **OVER HILL, OVER DALE** World-class cultural institutions and Michelin-starred restaurants await visitors to the forested hills and scenic towns of Yorkshire, England.

80 **MAUI: UPCOUNTRY MAGIC** Why entrepreneurs and craftspeople are setting up shop and creating cultural communities in the lush tropical landscape of inland Maui.

92 **WHEN THE LIGHTS GO DOWN** One writer sets out to experience the iconic screening rooms of Paris, where art-house theaters are still the lifeblood of a thriving cinephile scene.

96 **THE WRITER AND THE WORLD** Amid a national moment of reckoning, great travel writers of the past provide lessons on how to reexamine our history.


104 **Your Best Shot** Reader David Landry photographs the Kinkaku-ji temple gardens in Kyoto, Japan.

ON THE COVER

Cruising the Piilani Highway in Maui, Hawaii (page 80). Photograph by Bailey Rebecca Roberts.



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CONTRIBUTORS



1



2



3



4



5

1. *Aatish Taseer*

THE WRITER AND THE WORLD
(P. 98)

The New York City-based author reread Aldous Huxley when researching his feature on the history of travel writing for T+L. “He really was such a beautiful writer and a great noticer,” Taseer says. “And a traveler of uncommon sensitivity.” *The Twice-Born: Life and Death on the Ganges* (Picador), Taseer’s latest book, is out now in paperback.

2. *Bailey Rebecca Roberts*

MAUI: UPCOUNTRY MAGIC
(P. 80)

For our cover photographer, who was born and raised on Maui, in Hawaii, a stay at Malu Manu was by far the best part of the whole shoot. “The property sits in one of the most special areas of the island, and the experience provided there is unlike anything else,” she explains. “It is among the greatest under-the-radar spots that Maui has to offer.”

3. *Heather Greenwood Davis*

PRIDE OF PLACE (P. 34)

The Toronto-based writer chose nearby Chatham, Ontario—a town that was an end point for the Underground Railroad—for her first family road trip once lockdown lifted. “Watching my boys connect

with Black history in Canada was amazing,” she says. “It’s not something we hear a lot about in school. Seeing them stand with Black Canadians who go back several generations and listen to stories that filled them with pride was a beautiful thing.”

4. *Christopher Kennedy*

OVER HILL, OVER DALE (P. 68)

Kennedy spent a lot of time in Yorkshire, England, as a child. “I’ve always thought it was a special part of the U.K.,” the East London-based photographer says. On his recent trip, capturing the 12th-century ruins at Fountains Abbey stood out as a highlight. “The mist and dampness from a thunderstorm that had just passed felt so mystical.”

5. *Deborah Needleman*

THE FINE PRINT (P. 44)

Last October, the writer joined 12 other travelers on a tour of Rajasthan, India, to see how its traditions of textile printing are being kept alive. “The greatest pleasure for me was the group,” says the former editor-in-chief of *Domino*, *WSJ.*, and *T: The New York Times Style Magazine*. “It was composed of a few close friends, including David Prior—the owner of the travel company that set up the trip—and some wonderful people who have since become friends.”

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP: COURTESY OF AATISH TASEER; COURTESY OF HEATHER GREENWOOD DAVIS; COURTESY OF DEBORAH NEEDLEMAN; KELLY ADAMS/COURTESY OF CHRISTOPHER KENNEDY; COURTESY OF BAILEY ROBERTS



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LETTER *from the Editor*

WHEN WILL THIS BE OVER? And where in the world can I go? These two questions cycle through my mind on a daily—let's be honest, sometimes hourly—basis, as international border closures continue. There are no clear answers, but this much is certain:

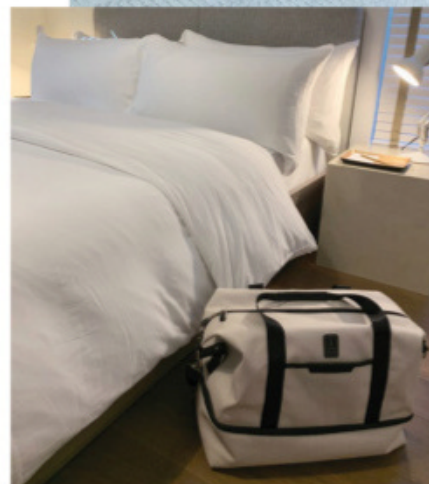
Americans are traveling, we're just traveling on our own turf (hopefully in a responsible way). And with ever-changing quarantine rules, we are often journeying within our home states.

But that is still travel, still a type of exploration. I find it inspiring that we are seeing domestic destinations with fresh eyes, and recognizing that places we might once have passed over in favor of somewhere farther afield are just as stimulating. There is beauty, hope, and resilience to be found in our own backyard—something our editorial team celebrates in this issue's 13-page section, *Reasons to Discover America*.

During these challenging times, it is more important than ever to celebrate innovation and artistry. For this reason, our October issue provides a window into the worlds of culture, style, and design, both in the U.S. and abroad. In the hills of Upcountry Maui, far from your typical tourist beach towns, Jen Murphy finds a new generation of makers crafting jewelry, artisanal honey, and magnificent lei from native seeds and flowers. With moviegoing in flux, Jay Cheshes pays tribute to Paris's proud tradition of art-house cinema, and to its slate of beautiful theaters. Josh Levine looks at the do-it-your-own-way spirit that's turned rural Yorkshire, England, into an unlikely center for fine art and cuisine; Ryan Bradley opens up his atlas collection and finds a wealth of possibilities; and Heather Greenwood Davis shines a light on Chatham, Ontario, and its pivotal role in Black Canadian history. Finally, Aatish Taseer writes about travel journalism itself—how outside voices and perspectives, often long ignored, can and should shape modern worldviews.

Our team is five months in to producing *Travel + Leisure* remotely, and only now tentatively getting reporters and photographers back out in the field. Our contributors are following all state and local guidelines while on the road, and you'll be seeing more of their stories in the issues to come. I recognize that travel to Europe, Asia, Africa—even, at the time of press, to Canada—seems like a near impossibility right now. But the beauty of working with global contributors is that we can keep bringing you stories from the other side of the world while you await the chance to get there. And as long as we travel addicts are waiting, we might as well be planning those trips—and dreaming of better days to come.

At the time of going to press, many countries, including our own, have border and flight restrictions in place. Unfortunately some of the businesses we mention in this issue may be temporarily closed, but we remain hopeful they will all return. We direct you to their websites for updates, as well as information on how you can help support their communities. Please continue to monitor the websites of the CDC (cdc.gov) and World Health Organization (who.int) for further advice.



Jacqui at the Roundtree Amagansett. Left: Her Travel + Leisure/Travelpro duffel in a guest room at the hotel.

FROM MY TRAVELS

My first hotel stay in months was in New York State—not too far from my home in Manhattan, but a welcome change of scenery nonetheless. The 15-room **Roundtree Amagansett** (theroundtreehotels.com; doubles from \$395) opened on June 1 and was practically built for social distancing.

Jacqui

@jacquigiff

Jacqui.Gifford@travelandleisure.com

Each accommodation has its own private entrance, meaning no hallways or elevators. There are Upang sterilizing machines to clean keys, remote controls, and glasses. Outdoors, all tables and lounge chairs are spaced more than six feet apart. The staff wore masks at all times, as did the guests, unless they were in their rooms or dining outside. I packed light for the three-night trip—taking only my new duffel, part of our Travel + Leisure luggage collection with **Travelpro** (travelpro.com/travel-leisure). Lightweight and durable, it's the perfect weekend bag if you're looking to hit the road.



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Discover

TRAVEL + LEISURE

A GLOBETROTTER'S GUIDE TO THE LATEST IN TRAVEL

Edited by SIOBHAN REID and HANNAH WALHOUT





All accommodations at the Range Vintage Trailer Resort—including this restored 1967 Airstream Globetrotter—have wooden decks with firepits and charcoal grills.

CLAY HAYNER PHOTOGRAPHY/COURTESY OF THE RANGE VINTAGE TRAILER RESORT



Our editors shine a light on the people and organizations nurturing homegrown ingenuity, creativity, and community.

1. Embrace Wide-Open Spaces

In the age of socially distant travel, the auto campground has new appeal. Here, a crop of drive-in properties where you can rent a trailer (or bring your own) to enjoy vintage vibes and plenty of breathing room.

BY HANNAH WALHOUT

RANGE VINTAGE TRAILER RESORT Bristol, Texas

The area just south of Dallas is known for its wildflowers—and the newest place to enjoy the blooms is the Range, in the heart of bluebonnet country. The resort consists of six trailers with 1960s-inspired interiors, patios with propane firepits, and modern comforts like air-conditioning and Nespresso machines. (There are also 15 open sites with electricity and water hookups.) You can grab a Texas microbrew at the Airstream turned bar, but the ultimate luxury is space: stocked ponds for fishing and rowboating and more than 30 acres of hiking and biking routes on the grounds. therangevtr.com; doubles from \$198.

SHADY DELL VINTAGE TRAILER COURT Bisbee, Arizona

This venerable motor court 90 minutes southeast of Tucson has hosted

road-trippers along Highway 80 since 1927. Thanks to new ownership, it's gotten an update: its 13 permanent vintage trailers (and a tiki-themed bus and repurposed yacht) are fully decked out with period prints and furniture, plus black-and-white televisions and copies of *Life* magazine. For an off-property adventure, guests can drive to Coronado National Forest to explore

the cactus-studded landscapes of the Sonoran borderlands. theshadydell.com; doubles from \$65.

AUTOCAMP CAPE COD Falmouth, Massachusetts

AutoCamp's first location outside California—its existing properties are in the Sonoma Redwoods and Yosemite National Park—will open on the East Coast next spring. The Massachusetts

outpost will feature 108 lodgings, including Airstream trailers, modern cabin-style suites, and seasonal canvas tents on Cape Cod's western shore, just a short drive from the beach. Each accommodation will have walk-in showers (never a given, especially in a tiny trailer), toiletries from skin-care brand Ursa Major, and views of Little Sippewissett Marsh. autocamp.com; doubles from \$199.



Chinese restaurants line Mott Street, in downtown N.Y.C. Right: A fish market in Manhattan's Chinatown.



2. Rediscover Your Local Chinatown

DIANA TSUI reflects on her many meals—and memories—from Manhattan's Chinatown, where some restaurants have permanently closed their doors.

MY EARLIEST MEMORIES of Chinatown are of Saturday mornings, when I'd file up the stairs at the New York Chinese School on Mott Street for Mandarin lessons. I was six years old and found myself in a room with 30 other Chinese-American kids, where we begrudgingly

learned a dialect my family didn't even speak at home (we normally conversed in a mixture of Cantonese and Toisan). Meanwhile, my parents—at the time the only Chinese people in our Brooklyn neighborhood of Bensonhurst—would hang out in the area, gossiping freely with friends.

After class, we would head across the street to Big Wong for steaming bowls of wonton noodle soup and giant plates of crispy *char siu* heaped over rice. Sometimes we'd grab other snacks: \$1 eggy mini cakes from "the Hong Kong cake lady," as we called her; freshly made roast-pork buns from **Mei Li Wah** (meiliwah.com); or a sweet scoop from **Chinatown Ice Cream Factory** (chinatownicecreamfactory.com). Money was tight and we rarely ate out, so Saturdays always felt like a special treat.

As I got older, Manhattan's Chinatown evolved into a place where my friends and I could create our own uniquely Chinese-American traditions. We'd go for late-night karaoke at **Beverly's** (beverlys.nyc), followed by an even later meal at the now-closed 69 Bayard to soak up all the alcohol. There, we'd order plates of beef with slippery egg sauce in a mishmash of Cantonese, Mandarin, and English, subbing in one language for another when we couldn't recall the right word. The next day, we'd meet up for hangover dim sum at **Jing Fong** (jingfongny.com; entrées \$6–\$40), **Golden Unicorn** (goldenunicornrestaurant.com; entrées \$4–\$53), or one of the many dim sum spots that used to line the neighborhood's streets.

Gentrification always seemed to be the most imminent threat to Chinatown. Then COVID-19 struck, and truly evinced the area's fragility. Even before stay-at-home orders were issued, business was down in Chinatowns across the United States, with customers unfairly associating the neighborhood with the virus. Every week I hear about another longtime favorite closing up shop and I wonder: *What's left of my childhood to share with the next generation of Chinese Americans?*

Chinatown means different things depending on who you ask. To many, it's simply a spot for a delicious meal. For immigrants like my parents, it's a source of comfort in an otherwise unfamiliar new world. And for me and my friends, it's a place to celebrate our heritage and make new memories over a \$6 plate of noodles—and that's something worth saving.



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3. Savor Mystic's Moment

An ambitious culinary duo are transforming this coastal Connecticut town into a foodie haven—and using this year's challenges to flex their creative muscle.

BY KEVIN WEST

EVEN BY THE STANDARDS of coastal New England, Mystic, Connecticut, is an old place. Dan Meiser, cofounder of **Oyster Club** (oysterclubct.com; entrées \$18–\$36), on Water Street, married a local woman, Jane Simmons Meiser, whose forebears established themselves on Stone Acres Farm in next-door Stonington in 1765. The couple live there today, and their infant son is the 11th generation to walk—or at least crawl—on family land. And yet they are newcomers by comparison. The corn used at Oyster Club by chef James Wayman is grown on land that has been farmed by the same family since 1654.

But true to the saying, everything old is new again, and Mystic has become a bright spot for anyone seeking the next undiscovered farm-to-table, wild-caught, house-made, artisanal food destination. “Traditionally Mystic was a Memorial Day-to-Labor Day place,” Meiser says. “What we’ve seen is the shoulder seasons getting longer.” One reason is an increase in urbanite weekenders: Mystic is an hour from Hartford, two from Boston, three from New York. Restaurants follow hungry vacationers.

The Mystic food scene isn’t exactly off the national culinary radar so much as tuned to a very specific frequency. Meiser and Wayman have attracted a lineup of talent—including Noma chef René Redzepi and living legend Jacques Pépin—for their collaborative-dinner series and fundraising events at Stone Acres. And the Oyster Club’s success has helped make way for other culinary businesses.

At **Rise** (risemysticct.com; entrées \$7–\$14), an Oyster Club alum serves breakfast fare and sandwiches made with regional ingredients. The **Mystic Cheese Company** (mysticcheese.co) opened a new tasting room in adjacent Groton last year, and has done brisk business with curbside pickup. The **Real McCoy Rum** (realmccoyspirits.com) has established itself locally, as well, harking back to the colonial era, when distilling was a lucrative operation. Meiser and Wayman, too, have expanded with a gastropub, **Engine Room** (engineroomct.com; entrées \$18–\$34), and



One of Oyster Club’s Summer Nights pop-up dinners at Stone Acres Farm. Left: Chef James Wayman at the farm this summer.

Grass & Bone (grassandbonect.com; entrées \$13–\$23), a whole-carcass butcher shop/all-day café.

Meiser originally came to the area from up the Connecticut River Valley, and met Wayman when he was looking for a chef at Oyster Club—someone ready to aim higher than tourist-grade frozen cod fillets. Wayman is rigorously committed to local sourcing, even in the depths of winter. Of course, given the name, he has to pay due respect to fishing-village expectations with half-shell oysters and clam chowder. In his version, potatoes and clams are doused with a broth of oceanic clarity, optionally thickened with cream. And there is always plenty of day-boat catch, though it’s often treated in unexpected ways. Raw tuna, shaved thin as Spanish *jamón*, comes off a loin that has been salted and aged for four months—tuna “ham.” Monkfish is served *katsu*-style on a milk-bread roll with fermented soy-based sauces.



From top: A billboard from Mark Bradford's Modern Billings project, in Fort Worth, Texas; reproductions of famous artworks, including Gustav Klimt's *Mäda Primavesi*, inside *Animal Crossing: New Horizons*; a paper lotus created by artist Uttam Grandhi as part of the Rubin Museum's "Lotus Effect" exhibition.



Wayman cites as precedent for such global influences a less familiar aspect of the seaboard: its world-facing openness to imported ideas. New England's ports have always been cosmopolitan points of convergence, and even commonplace comfort food has picked up accents from Portuguese and Italian immigrants. Wayman just takes it further with inspiration from his travels. His is a different kind of locavore cooking, a new coastal cuisine based on the lived experience of one chef.

Despite the dire challenges facing restaurants everywhere this year, Meiser and Wayman have pivoted to keep their multiple food businesses open in accordance with state regulations. They reimagined Oyster Club as an outdoor supper club at Stone Acres Farm, where guests can sit at a safe distance amid pre-Revolutionary stone walls that wrap 63 acres of farmland and a Federal mansion skirted with 200-year-old gardens. Meanwhile, the original Oyster Club building is being remodeled and expanded. Meiser and Wayman are even moving forward with an ambitious bakery and pizza shop.

In some ways, the upheaval has brought the pair new clarity. Take Grass & Bone, the café-butchery: business has thrived this year, thanks to takeout and delivery, including an expanded menu of prepared food, baked goods, and pantry staples, Meiser says. "We figured out, because of the crisis, what Grass & Bone was always supposed to be."

4. Find New Ways to See Art

Under difficult, ever-changing circumstances, art institutions across the country have found inventive ways to connect with the public. **BY ALLYSSIA ALLEYNE**

STREET ART

When his retrospective at the **Modern Art Museum of Fort Worth** (themodern.org), in Texas, was interrupted due to COVID-19, painter Mark Bradford was invited to take creative control of billboards across the city as part of the institution's Modern Billings initiative, which was launched in 2018 as a way to bring art to low-income areas.

VIRTUAL REALITY

Fans of the popular Nintendo Switch game *Animal Crossing: New Horizons* can decorate their virtual homes with close to 500,000 famous artworks

thanks to a partnership between L.A.'s **J. Paul Getty Museum** (getty.edu/museum) and N.Y.C.'s **Metropolitan Museum of Art** (metmuseum.org). Players can search the museums' open-access collections, then bring artworks into the game by scanning a QR code.

FOLDING FOR THE FUTURE

The **Rubin Museum of Art** (rubinmuseum.org) in Manhattan is encouraging would-be visitors to mail in origami flowers to create a crowdsourced exhibition called "The Lotus Effect," which will go on view when the space reopens.



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From left: The Four Seasons Hotel New York; the hotel's general manager, Rudy Tauscher.

5. Recognize the Heroes of Hospitality

Luxury properties from New York to Hawaii have become unlikely saviors in the battle against COVID-19. **BY THEODORA MINFORD**

IN LATE MARCH, New York City ground to a halt. Restaurants and museums closed, subway ridership plunged, and one of the city's most iconic hotels—the towering I. M. Pei-designed Four Seasons in midtown—cleared out. Instead of watching helplessly as COVID-19 ravaged the city, the hotel's owner, Ty Warner, sprang into action. For three months starting April 2, the property hosted hundreds of frontline workers from all over the United States who were staying in the city to help with the pandemic.

"I saw nurses, doctors, and other medical professionals work around the clock," says Warner, who, along with the property's general manager, Rudy Tauscher, mobilized the hotel's staff to overhaul the guest experience during those three months, down to temperature-check stations and contactless check-in. "I'm confident that this same spirit and strength will bring the city back in a way that makes it stronger than ever."

Across the country, even boutique hotels in remote areas stepped forward to help out. Employees of Dunton Hot Springs, in Colorado's San Juan Mountains, volunteered at a local homeless shelter and delivered meals to emergency workers at Telluride Medical Center. "We wanted to do what we could to help, even in a small way," says Edoardo Rossi, executive vice president of Dunton Destinations.

Meanwhile, in Hawaii, where 60 percent of hospitality workers lost their jobs due to the shutdowns, hotels acted

to provide assistance for laid-off workers and their families. In Maui, three separate resorts—Andaz Maui, Hyatt Regency Maui, and Fairmont Kea Lani—joined forces to donate 1,500 food baskets to colleagues in need, while Fairmont Orchid, on the Big Island, donated almost 1,600 face masks to local hospitals and supplied take-home barbecue kits for employees.

"The concept of being *pono*, or acting with the well-being of others in mind, is critical to understanding our culture," says Charles Head, general manager of the Orchid.

For many hotels, empowering locals has always been at the forefront of their missions. "Our community is everything to us," says David Bowd, CEO of Salt Hotels, which operates the Asbury in Asbury Park, New Jersey. In March, the company, along with the hotel's developer, iStar, signed on as a sustaining sponsor of Asbury Park Dinner Table, an initiative to help feed hungry families and support struggling restaurants. And the Asbury's kitchen staff has been preparing free meals for the community once a week throughout the crisis. "When you have a city as vibrant and eclectic as Asbury Park," Bowd says, "you do whatever's necessary to keep its soul alive."



Employees of Maui's Fairmont Kea Lani prepare grocery bags filled with local produce.

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: ALAMY STOCK PHOTO; KELLY MARSHALL; COURTESY OF FAIRMONT KEA LANI



Vintage Robert Clergerie boots from Thrilling.

6. Shop for One-Off Finds from Home

How e-commerce has helped save vintage shopping—allowing fashion lovers to visit their favorite boutiques, wherever they are in the world. **BY LEILANI MARIE LABONG**

A BLACK FENDI clutch from the 1990s sits on the dusty shelves of the vintage store called the End in southern California's Yucca Valley. Like most nonessential businesses, the boutique temporarily closed its doors during the pandemic. But thanks to a partnership with the online vintage platform Thrilling, plenty of virtual shoppers are eyeing the handbag. The end, it would seem, is hardly nigh for the End.

The shop's nostalgic, time-tested inventory is benefiting from a 21st-century paradox that's disrupting traditional fashion retail. "During

COVID-19, we're seeing why an online channel is critical for vintage," says Thrilling founder Shilla Kim-Parker, who launched the digital marketplace in 2018. "While there is a customer destined for every one-of-a-kind item, that person probably doesn't live across the street." Currently, 130 different brick-and-mortar shops are listed on Thrilling, and applications to join have doubled during the pandemic.

Other online retailers are discovering new ways to help shoppers navigate the unpredictability of vintage sizing. When former fashion model Anna Gray and tech entrepreneur Rudd Taylor founded the digital vintage market Object Limited two years ago, they created an easy-to-use app with tools to help users get the right fit. While shoppers trade sizing tips in the comments, an Instagram TV show called *How to Wear Stuff* explores style and measurements even further. "We make it feel like you're dressing up with your friends," Gray says.

Angeleno Natasha Garrett was concerned that sales at her two-year-old Web shop, Roam Vintage, would drop during the pandemic. But she's happily discovered the opposite to be true. "It may be due to the kinds of pieces I source, which are inspired by my roots in northern California and the Southwest." These days, she collects inventory from wholesalers all over the world. "Virtual vintage shops are really setting the bar for traditional retail," she says. "Now more than ever, a strong Web presence is an absolute game changer."

From left: A cropped Dior jacket from e-store Thrilling; an Emilio Pucci scarf from Thrilling; Roam Vintage founder Natasha Garrett.

7. Celebrate Black L.A.

A groundbreaking public-art project prepares to make its debut.

BY SIOBHAN REID

Next year, Los Angeles will unveil one of its most anticipated transit projects yet: an 8½-mile extension of the city's light-rail system from Crenshaw Boulevard, in South L.A., to LAX. The route garnered criticism when it was first announced because a section of the line runs at street level, a design that is associated with higher fatality rates and accidents.

In response, activists in the neighborhood—home to one of the

largest Black communities west of the Mississippi—came together to conceive an open-air museum that pays tribute to the history of Black activism while aiming to counteract the effects of gentrification. The \$100 million development, titled Destination Crenshaw, is slated to debut sometime next year.

"This was an opportunity to serve people who have historically been denied a voice in the design of their communities," says lead architect Zena Howard. Stretching over 12 blocks of Crenshaw Boulevard's historic core, the project is made up of elevated viewing platforms, sidewalks, and pocket parks.

Each space will be "culturally

stamped" with permanent and rotating street-side artworks from Black Angeleno artists. "Most people do not realize how prolific the people of South L.A. have been," Howard says, alluding to notable residents like the late hip-hop artist Nipsey Hussle. "We want to leverage design to tell the story of the place."





The Rolling Gold beer truck evolved out of the Rust & Gold in Huntington, New York.

Aussie café Tucker in Easton, Pennsylvania, now does double duty as a general store.



8. Let the Good Times Roll

Some brick-and-mortar bars have halted their indoor service, giving their entrepreneurial owners license to hit the road. **BY DAVID LAHUTA**

IT DIDN'T TAKE LONG for Frank Antonetti to figure out he was onto something. When COVID-19 shuttered his Long Island pub the **Rust & Gold** (therustandgold.com) in March, he retrofitted a 1963 Chevrolet delivery truck with keg refrigeration and external taps, then began selling local craft beer and canned cocktails as he rolled down the streets of Huntington, New York. "We'd see all of these adults looking at us like a kid looks at Mister Softee," Antonetti says. "Their faces would light up. That's when we knew we had something special."

As entrepreneurs across the country have been forced to reinvent their businesses, mobile liquor trucks are on the rise. "When the pandemic began, our sales went up sixty percent," says Woody Norris, an Army veteran whose fleet of **Booze Pops** (boozepop.com) trucks sells alcoholic frozen treats around Charleston, South Carolina. In addition to low-proof wine pops in flavors like strawberry mimosa and pomegranate sangria, Norris also sells stronger 15 percent ABV ices like the

Southern Belle, with sweet tea, fresh peaches, and top-shelf bourbon.

When Luis Villegas was forced to close two of his four Houston restaurants in March, he bought four trucks to canvass the city. "It was a way to retain one hundred percent of our staff," the restaurateur says. Today, his **Bovine & Barley** (bovineandbarley.com) "adult ice cream trucks" serve frozen drinks and cocktails throughout the greater Houston area—like the Ranch Water, a Tex-Mex cocktail with tequila, Topo Chico, lime, and Tajín.

Out west, **Sara's Market on the Go** (fb.com/sarasmarket), a truck from the East L.A. gourmet grocery, is one of the first in California, selling local beers and West Coast wines alongside artisanal salsas and chorizo. "We're trying to cross-promote with other businesses that might be struggling," says owner Sara Veldes, who drives around the city with her husband, Steven. The result: cans of Highland Park Brewery IPA and bottles of Fossil & Fawn Oregon rosé delivered on demand.

9. Support Restaurants Thinking on Their Feet

CANLIS

At the beginning of the pandemic, the Seattle fine-dining institution temporarily transformed into a burger drive-in—without laying off a single worker. Now they've set up an outdoor crab shack in the parking lot. canlis.com.

TUCKER SILK MILL

This café in Easton, Pennsylvania, still serves Aussie-inspired bites on its outdoor patio, but it's also been reimagined as a country store selling dry goods, spices, and fresh produce. tuckersilkmill.com.

LA ÑAPA

During New York City's spring lockdown, the Brooklyn restaurant offered its Venezuelan-inspired tapas for takeout while transitioning its hip space into a humming natural-wine shop. lanapabk.com.

10. Buy a Print, Boost a Cause

U.S. artists are selling their work online—and supporting social justice in the process.

BY MAYA KACHROO-LEVINE

JONATHAN COHEN

With his new project, Our Flower Shop, the N.Y.C. fashion designer helps people send zero-risk floral arrangements: Cohen hand-illustrates preset or customized “bouquets” and delivers them electronically for the recipient to print at home. Each piece was created for a partner organization that receives 30 percent

of the profits: Bowery Mission, No Kid Hungry, the Bail Project, and more. jonathancohenstudio.com; digital illustrations from \$20.

AARON RICKETTS

When the pandemic hit, the Philadelphia-based visual artist and photographer started funneling half the proceeds from sales of his prints into a relief fund for creatives, many of whom lost income due to canceled work opportunities. The idea gained so much traction that he founded the 35 Percent—a reference to the proportion of the U.S. workforce made up of freelancers—bringing on other artists to create an online shop with prints, tees, and totes. the35percent.com; prints from \$65.

Clockwise from right: Artist Aaron Ricketts creating his piece *Ride the Wave* (You Are the Wave); Synthesis, a work created by Jeff Manning for the 35 Percent; a bouquet by Jonathan Cohen; a New York City march photographed by Laura Sills.



LAURA SILLS

This spring and summer, Sills found herself photographing two contrasting subjects around New York: eerie scenes of empty sidewalks and closed shops and the energy and urgency of the Black Lives Matter protests. Prints of her most gripping images are for sale, with all earnings going to the families of George Floyd, Breonna Taylor, and Ahmaud Arbery. laurasills.com; prints from \$20.





SAVANNAH

Voted among the Best Cities for Culture by *Travel + Leisure* readers, Savannah, Georgia, offers history-steeped streets, nearby beaches, and freshly shucked oysters.

HISTORIC BEACONS

Lovingly called “the Hostess City of the South” for its warm hospitality, Savannah’s hotel scene has stepped up its contemporary style while staying true to its roots. In the heart of the Historic District, **The Drayton Hotel** has reinvented one of the city’s oldest buildings to become a luxury haven showcasing Victorian architecture. Take in great views of City Hall and relax over delicious meals at **St. Neo’s Brasserie**, the hotel’s seafood restaurant.

COASTAL CUISINE

Savannah is still warm and sunny in the fall, making it a great time to explore the sandy stretches of **Tybee Island** about 20 minutes from downtown. Fall is also oyster season, a cherished culinary occasion that showcases the oyster as an essential part of Low Country cuisine. During this time, local establishments serve the beloved shellfish steamed, roasted, grilled, fried, or raw. For a true Savannah experience, check out an oyster roast—a popular Southern tradition for generations.

NATURAL BEAUTY

Many perfect Savannah days start with a walk through the expansive, 30-acre **Forsyth Park** and a visit to its ornate fountain. Along with leafy green spaces and the gorgeous **Savannah Botanical Gardens**, some of the city’s prettiest spots are its historic cemeteries. Beyond the well-known **Bonaventure Cemetery**, famous for its flowery paths and statues, the **Laurel Grove South Cemetery** is an important resting place for African-Americans dating back to the 19th century.



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11. Support Style with a Purpose

Designer Diarra Bousso uses algorithms to make prints—and drive social change.

BY SIOBHAN REID

BORN TO A FAMILY OF artisans in Dakar, Senegal, Diarra Bousso has always had a flair for fashion—“Where I’m from, the women are always impeccably dressed, and it’s the norm to get all your outfits handmade by a tailor.” But her passion for math runs just as deep. After moving to the United States, she earned an undergraduate degree in the subject and worked as a trader on Wall Street before launching her online fashion company, Diarrablu, in 2015.

The resort-wear brand comprises breezy caftans, versatile jumpsuits, and billowy trousers—the majority of which are artisan-made in Senegal and feature graphic patterns generated digitally via algorithms (or lines of code) written by Bousso herself. Despite spending most of her time as a designer, she wanted to give back, so after earning her master’s degree in math education at Stanford University, she became a teacher at a public high school in Silicon Valley, California.

“People are always shocked when I tell them that I am a full-time fashion CEO and a full-time math educator,” she says. “But it’s so empowering to make the subject fun, especially for young women. And besides, math is just like designing, but with numbers.” Her multi-job lifestyle is evidently paying off: last year, model Kendall Jenner was shot wearing a Diarrablu swimsuit for the pages of *Vogue*, and Bousso was invited to do an interactive brand “exhibition”—complete with select Diarrablu styles and a station where customers could use math to come up with their own prints—at Bloomingdale’s in San Francisco.



Clockwise from top left: A Diarrablu Nabu swimsuit; the Umy convertible jumpsuit; models wearing styles from the brand’s Spring-Summer collection.



Up next, the designer is working to expand on her recently released Sustainable Essentials collection (\$15–\$300), which includes garments crafted from eco-friendly fabrics like organic Senegalese cotton and Lyocell. But math education remains her biggest commitment: “With teaching, you see instant results, whereas with fashion, you wait six months to get feedback from your customers. So it’s extremely rewarding to witness that transformation in my students.” diarrablu.com.

From left: Museum of Fine Arts, Houston curator Mari Carmen Ramírez; opaque glass tubing covers the eastern façade of the museum's Kinder Building.

12. Get to Know Next-Gen Hoteliers

A pioneering nonprofit is on a mission to make hospitality education available to all. **BY MARY HOLLAND**

In recent years, many travel brands have shifted to become more sustainable, offering services that are ethically sound, culturally sensitive, and environmentally responsible. But for the nonprofit Saira Hospitality, which operates pop-up hotel-training schools around the world, sustainability isn't a trend but a guiding principle.

Founded by Harsha L'Acqua, who got her start selling high-end residences for Six Senses Hotels Resorts Spas, Saira partners with properties like Habitas Namibia to hire and train local workers. During the programs, which run from two to eight weeks, participants are given hands-on instruction from industry experts in all aspects of hotel service—from how to make a bed to fine-dining plating techniques.

For the company's latest project, the upcoming El Capitan Hotel property in Merced, California, L'Acqua and her team will oversee the training of more than 60 locals, many of whom come from disadvantaged backgrounds. Anyone can apply, and two of every five applicants are accepted into the program, which is free. "If you're going to succeed in hospitality today, you have to win over the community," L'Acqua says. "And we try to give our workers every resource they need to succeed, at work and at home." *sairahospitality.com*.



Inside a Saira Hospitality-run pop-up school in Namibia.



13. Tour the Museum Championing Latinx Art

Ahead of the long-awaited expansion of the Museum of Fine Arts, Houston, curator Mari Carmen Ramírez explains what went into digitizing the institution's works. **BY OLIVIA FLORES ALVAREZ**

NOTHING COMPARES to the thrill of seeing a Picasso in real life. But in recent months, with museums across the country closed, there's never been more of an appetite for accessing artwork online. Mari Carmen Ramírez is the curator of Latin American Art at the Museum of Fine Arts, Houston and has been involved in the expansion of online programming since 2012. She explains that recent advancements in technology are allowing for "a more complete experience." Here, she discusses the possibilities of reaching a global audience, plus what viewers can expect from the museum's Nancy and Rich Kinder Building, set to open November 1.

What are some of the challenges of digitizing art?

MCR: Getting a museum to understand the purpose of having a digital collection is difficult in and of itself. We started the process in 1995 and are just nearing completion now. You have

to convince curators, and also visitors, that the virtual space will provide an equally valid experience.

In what way can the online experience amplify art viewing?

MCR: I've been an expert in Latin American and Latino art for 35 years. Despite the fact that the Latinx population is one of the fastest-growing in the United States, their art is largely absent from museums in this country. So I'm excited by the prospect of making the art more mainstream while also encouraging heightened viewer interaction.

Tell us about the new Kinder Building.

MCR: The Kinder is the final piece in the global vision of the museum. Five departments, none of which have ever had a permanent space dedicated to their collections, will share the building—and Latin American and Latino art is one of them. Visitors can expect works by South American masters like Carlos Cruz-Diez, in addition to other talents like Spanish sculptor Cristina Iglesias and the South Korean artist Byung Hoon Choi. *mfah.org*.





Hand-painted boots from Lauren Brinkers's collection.
Above: The designer in her Brooklyn studio.

14. Invest in Footwear with a Mission

After being deployed to the front lines during New York's COVID-19 outbreak this spring, Lauren Brinkers is returning to the studio with renewed purpose. **BY CHELSEA BENGIER**

FOR MORE THAN a decade, Lauren Brinkers worked as a pediatric nurse at hospitals in Manhattan while moonlighting as a shoemaker. "It helped me stay sane," she says of her hobby, which she turned into a full-time business in 2018. Inspired by the aesthetics of the American West, her namesake footwear line (from \$495) comprises minimalist leather boots that are painted in watercolor hues using eco-friendly dyes.

But in March, when the pandemic struck New York City and retired health-care workers were called to the front lines, Brinkers put her business

on hold. She was assigned to an ICU—a monthlong return to nursing that was both devastating and life-affirming. "It was like being in a battle, but everyone—even those of us who had been gone for several years—showed up for each other in a beautiful way."

Now, after returning to her studio in Williamsburg, Brooklyn, the designer has found an even deeper well of passion for her work. "The experience reminded me how precious and short life can be, and the importance of doing what makes you happy." laurenbrinkers.com.

15. Raise a Glass to This Pioneering Spirit

A one-of-a-kind vodka is born in Texas. **BY HANNAH WALHOUT**

When Ben Williams started making vodka, he didn't have any grand goals in mind. The Houston restaurateur set up a still in a friend's barn—"horses and all"—and experimented in his spare time, occasionally sharing samples with regulars at his restaurants. But now, after more than seven years of tinkering, **Highway Vodka** (highwayvodka.com) is available to the wider public.

The small-batch spirit's characteristic silkiness is all thanks to Williams's secret ingredient: a specialty strain of hempseed that releases its nutritious oil during fermentation, making the blend richer than other vodkas even after distillation. He also uses locally grown corn and pure groundwater from the distillery's own aquifer. "People request it room temperature, neat," Williams says. "That's unheard of."

This month, Williams and business partner Wendell Robbins begin work on a new tasting-room complex set to open next year on seven acres of urban woodland. And their latest concoction, Highway Young American Whiskey, hits shelves in November. ("I usually make fun of tasting notes," he says, "but it truly is creamy and sweet.") In the meantime, find the vodka at bars around Houston, mixed in cocktails like the Purple Rain at **Lucille's** (lucilleshouston.com), the Museum District restaurant founded by celebrated chef Chris Williams and his brother—you guessed it—Ben.

Houston restaurateur and Highway Vodka founder Ben Williams at his distillery.



FROM TOP: STEPHAN SAGMILLER/COURTESY OF LAUREN BRINKERS (2); DAVID WRIGHT



◀ A volunteer harvests crowder peas at Oakland Avenue Urban Farm, in Detroit.

16. Recognize the People Keeping Detroit Well Fed

How Black-run farms, restaurants, and organizations are working together to nourish their communities during uncertain times. **BY BRITTANY HUTSON**

THE CLOSE RELATIONSHIP between Detroit restaurants and urban farms has been severely disrupted during the pandemic, with growers unable to sell produce to restaurants and restaurants finding themselves with a surplus of perishable foods. Financial strain—compounded by the disproportionate rate of Black Detroiters impacted by COVID-19—put pressure on businesses, whose staff and customers often reside in deeply affected neighborhoods. But Black chefs and farmers are finding new ways to get food directly to city residents—and to support each other.

In early July, **Oakland Avenue Urban Farm** (oaklandurbanfarm.org) launched its first online marketplace with another Black-led operation, **D-Town Farm** (d-townfarm.com).



▲ Chef Godwin Ihentuge, founder of the Pay It Forward project, prepares jollof rice.

T + L A - L I S T D I S P A T C H

The U.S. Travel Brands I'm Inspired by Right Now

“In March, Nashville was hit hard by tornadoes. Several hotels, including Moxie Nashville Vanderbilt Area and the Graduate, offered special rates for victims. Then COVID-19 struck, and these hotels provided free stays to health-care workers.”

—SANDY SCHADLER, TRAVELINK

SANDY.SCHADLER@TRAVELINK.COM

“In June, Vermejo Park Ranch, a Ted Turner Reserves property in New Mexico, hosted fifteen frontline workers for a multi-night, all-inclusive stay. I thought it was a wonderful way to recognize these heroes while also giving them the chance to unwind in nature.”

—BARKLEY HICKOX, THE LOCAL FOREIGNER

BARKLEY.HICKOX@LOCALFOREIGNER.COM

Experiences

TRAVELERS' TALES, FROM NEAR AND FAR

Edited by LILA HARRON BATTIS & SARAH BRUNING





TONI ANZENBERGER/REDUX

A CULTURAL FEAST

Not only is the Italian region of Emilia-Romagna home to a wealth of culinary specialties—it also has a number of quirky museums dedicated to celebrating these prized foods. **TONY PERROTTET** sets out on a road trip to learn about (and sample) the local delicacies.

ONLY IN ITALY can you go looking for a museum and end up in a ham dungeon. I had driven through a raging storm in search of the Museum of Culatello, an institution devoted to the history of the country's rarest prosciutto, situated inside **Antica Corte Pallavicina** (*anticacortepallavicinarelais.it*; doubles from \$200; tasting menu \$115), a 14th-century castle near the Po River. But when I arrived at the looming edifice in pounding rain and shouldered open a wooden door, not a soul was about. The castle's shadowy interior had the air of an abandoned opera set, all ravishingly frescoed salons with antique chandeliers.

Over rolling thunder I heard a sound from below, so I descended a stone staircase into sepulchral darkness. When my eyes adjusted, I found myself in an underground warren, surrounded by thousands of hams strung from the rafters like alien pods. The smell was as musty and inescapably organic as a medieval butcher's shop—a vegetarian's idea of hell, no doubt, but magical for me.

My unlikely road to the ham dungeon (aficionados prefer the more decorous *cantina di prosciutto*, though I think it lacks a certain something) had begun several days earlier, when I had set off on a self-designed gastronomic Grand Tour of Emilia-Romagna, the region midway between Venice and Florence that Italian gourmands consider sacred ground. Many travelers know its two main cities, Bologna and Parma, home to Bolognese and Parmigiano-Reggiano, the staples of "that's *amore*" red-sauce eateries from New York to Sydney. More recently, the region has become famous for the lauded **Osteria Francescana** (*osteriafrancescana.it*; tasting menu \$320), the Modena restaurant from native son Massimo Bottura.

But Emilia-Romagna's true culinary wonders are obsessively artisanal and embedded in their locations—which is perhaps why the region is home to the world's densest cluster of highly specific food museums. They often serve the specialties whose stories they recount, combining two great pleasures of travel: the intellectual stimulus of the museum and the sensory delight of dining out. But could eating really be made more pleasurable by

spending hours in such a cerebral setting? I had no choice but to undertake a heroic mission, driving across the land learning—and eating—as much as I could.

My journey began in the regional capital of Bologna, fondly nicknamed La Grassa, or “the fat one,” for its devotion to food. From my home base in a 13th-century inn, the **Art Hotel Commercianti** (*art-hotel-commercianti.com*; doubles from \$370), whose balconies jutted so close to the Gothic spires of the Basilica di San Petronio that I could almost touch them, I wandered long arcades that cast dreamlike shadows. I paid my respects to Europe’s oldest institute of higher education, the University of Bologna, founded in 1088 and still humming with students. Nearby, I climbed one of the two remaining towers that teeter drunkenly over the city, built by crazed aristocrats during the Middle Ages.

Bologna has the world’s largest branch of the Italian food market Eataly, but it is the last place

Gnocchi in tomato sauce at the 641-year-old Osteria del Cappello, in Bologna.



that needs one. The city’s crooked alleyways are lined with hole-in-the-wall *salumerias*, their tables spilling out onto the sidewalks and piled high with mountains of cheese and ham. The city’s oldest restaurant, **Osteria del Cappello** (*osteriadeltappello.com*; entrées \$13–\$19), has been going strong since at least 1379, and even its place mats ooze tradition. They are reproductions of a culinary dice game created in 1712, a version of snakes and ladders featuring thumbnail reviews of the city’s many osterias. The Osteria del Cappello itself, the place mat informed me, once specialized in partridge lard accompanied by croutons, although these days it offers a creative range of pastas that go far beyond the Bolognese cliché.

I asked the chef, Marco Franchini, whether any other osterias in the dice game had survived. Only one, he said—**Osteria del Sole** (*osteriadelsole.it*). Down yet another lane I found a packed tavern, walls covered with faded photos of long-dead patrons. It was bare-bones, but as atmospheric as a scene from a Visconti movie. This was where Bolognese people unwound, bringing picnic food and sipping Lambrusco for two euros a glass. It’s a wonder the whole city isn’t always drunk.

The process of edging my silver Fiat out of Bologna’s ancient street maze and onto the autostrada had the air of a professional driving challenge, but that made it only more rewarding when I turned off for my first stop, the village of Spilamberto, where a majestic palazzo is home to the **Museum of Traditional Balsamic Vinegar** (*museodelbalsamicotradizionale.org*). A sculpture of a black vinegar droplet and a store selling balsamic gelato confirmed that I was in the right place—as did the fragrance, which





▲
Cured hams known as culatellos at Antica Corte Pallavicina, in rural Emilia-Romagna.

Getting There & Around

From the U.S., book a connecting flight to Bologna, or fly to Milan and drive or take a train to the region. On the ground, a car is a must—rentals are plentiful for those willing to brave the city streets, or you can use a car service, like the locally run **Auto Elite** (autoelite.limo.it).

wafted into the street in waves of sweet and sour. Handcrafted around Modena, traditional balsamic is matured for 12 to 25 years, with the slowly evaporating liquid poured into a series of ever-smaller barrels. “We give the barrels names,” explained director Cristina Sereni, pointing to one draped with a hand-sewn sash that read EMMA. “They’re mostly female. Some are male. But we have nonbinary barrels, too.”

At last we ascended into the “vinegar loft.” The most historic barrels were confiscated by Napoleon in 1796 but saved by a local bank; another set belonged to an even greater celebrity, Chef Bottura. The attic had the air of a shrine, which only intensified when Sereni ushered me to an altar-like table and solemnly poured two drops onto tasting spoons. “You are going to taste a symphony of flavors,” she said. The 12-year-old *vecchio* (aged) vinegar exploded with rich, deep sweetness and acidity, while the 25-year-old *extra vecchio* was a velvety nectar that left me reeling. I staggered out past a gift shop that sold minuscule flutes of the latter for \$90 each. “It’s a terrible business model,” Sereni told me. “Balsamic vinegar has never been a way of making money. It was originally produced for family or religious holidays. What people were giving was a small part of their hearts.”



▲
Chef Massimo Spigaroli in the gardens at Antica Corte Pallavicina.

In the province of Parma, Italy’s agricultural heartland, no fewer than eight food museums are located in a landscape where every inch of soil has been tilled since antiquity. Just north of Parma, the provincial capital, at the end of a quiet, tree-lined road near the village of Collecchio, an 11th-century Benedictine monastery houses both the **Museum of Pasta** and the **Museum of the Tomato** (museidelcibo.it). The most fetching exhibits at the latter concerned the history of can labels—a century ago, illiterate shoppers would recognize brands from the striking designs—and, my personal favorite, a collection of can openers, which looked like torture implements.

In the Museum of Pasta, a long wall displayed the 300 known shapes of pasta, with a touch screen to match each one with its ideal sauce. As my guide, Stefania Bertaccini, explained: “If you eat pasta twice a day every day, you have to have lots of shapes or you get bored!” Inspired, I rushed to the café-restaurant, where I sat at an outdoor table and ordered *cappelletti in brodo di cappon*, meat-stuffed bundles of pasta in capon sauce, while imagining the Benedictine monks working their herb gardens in this same, flower-filled courtyard during luncheons past.

By now I was at risk of becoming glutted on culinary lore. Should I head to the Museum of Felino Salami, I wondered, devoted to a type of peppery sausage? The Museum of the Marinated Eel? I opted to go top-of-the-line: Emilia-Romagna is ham country, and I had yet to try *culatello*, Italy's rarest and most revered porcine product. Only 30,000 *culatellos* are made each year, and few leave the Po Valley. Which explains how I found myself lost in the cobwebbed darkness beneath thousands of hanging haunches. After a few disorienting minutes, I heard a welcome cry: "*Chi è? Who's there?*"

The jovial manager, Giovanni Lucci, led me back toward the light. I had arrived at the Antica Corte Pallavicina, a splendid 14th-century castle and former marchese's residence in the village of Polesine Parmense. It offered far more than just a museum and a vast curing cellar for 5,500 *culatellos*—it also had a dozen hotel rooms, a working pig farm, and, its most revered asset, a Michelin-starred restaurant.

I settled into a room overlooking the castle gardens, then at dusk headed down to the restaurant, where I sank into a thronelike velvet chair by a stone fireplace, beneath gilt-framed



▲ Cafés and bars outside Bologna's Mercato di Mezzo. Left: Hare with foie gras and celeriac at Antica Corte Pallavicina.



paintings and a vaulted ceiling painted with a faded trompe l'oeil scene. The candlelit meal was in a glass-walled annex, and began with the beloved *culatello*, which was cut in near-transparent slices, each bursting with flavor. Chef Massimo Spigaroli strolled by at regular intervals to fill me in on the backstory of the ham, whose name means "little ass." The one-to-three-year maturation process has not changed since the 13th century, and today, the hams go for up to \$750 each. In 2000 the Po River overflowed its banks and flooded the cellar. "We said: 'First, save the ham!'" Lucci laughed. "'Then the women and children!'"

Only the next day did I realize that I had forgotten to visit the actual museum. I wandered through the exhibits, but found myself being drawn outside into the morning sunshine, strolling along a shady canal to a paddock where black pigs wallowed in the mud. ("They have very good lives," Lucci had told me. "Well, for two years. Then..." He made a slicing motion across his throat. "Not so good.")

I sat in the sun-soaked courtyard, watching bees buzz around the flowers, devouring *culatello* and Parmigiano drizzled in aged balsamic—the full Emilia-Romagna experience. It was almost sensory overload. I felt a little guilty for not paying closer attention to the museum. But then again, if not for its existence, I never would have been lured to this remote Italian paradise in the first place. ●



▲
*Clockwise from top left:
Sonoma Coast State Park;
Napa vineyards in the fall;
hot-air balloon rides over
the vineyards.*

Gems of Wine Country

This fall, take a road trip through Napa and Sonoma with a safe and convenient ride from **Enterprise Rent-A-Car**—ranked as a World's Best Car Rental Agency by *Travel + Leisure* readers in the 2020 World's Best Awards.

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In the heart of Napa Valley, idyllic Yountville is the perfect place to ease into wine country. Stroll the downtown with its indie shops, galleries, and tasting rooms, and enjoy world-famous and locally loved eateries. Ride bikes from vineyard to vineyard on the **Napa Valley Vine Trail**, or take a hot-air balloon ride that launches from the center of town.

DRIVE ON TO... ST. HELENA

Continue farther into wine country until you reach charming St. Helena. No longer under the radar, this town is a destination thanks to the arrival of notable resorts and restaurants. Visit spots like **Merryvale Vineyards**, featuring the first winery building erected after Prohibition, or **The Model Bakery**, known for its iconic English muffins.

END IN... HEALDSBURG

Find the best of Sonoma County in and around Healdsburg, starting with the shops, restaurants, and tasting rooms that line its town square and downtown streets. And don't miss the area's natural wonders—from the majestic trees at **Armstrong Redwoods State Natural Reserve**, to the rugged shores and secluded coves at **Sonoma Coast State Park**.

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PRIDE OF PLACE

Southern Ontario played an important, though little-known, role in the lives of Canada's Black citizens. **HEATHER GREENWOOD DAVIS** travels to the small-town museums, churches, and monuments paying tribute to those who came before.



KAY, CAMERON, CLIMB into the box,” says our tour guide.

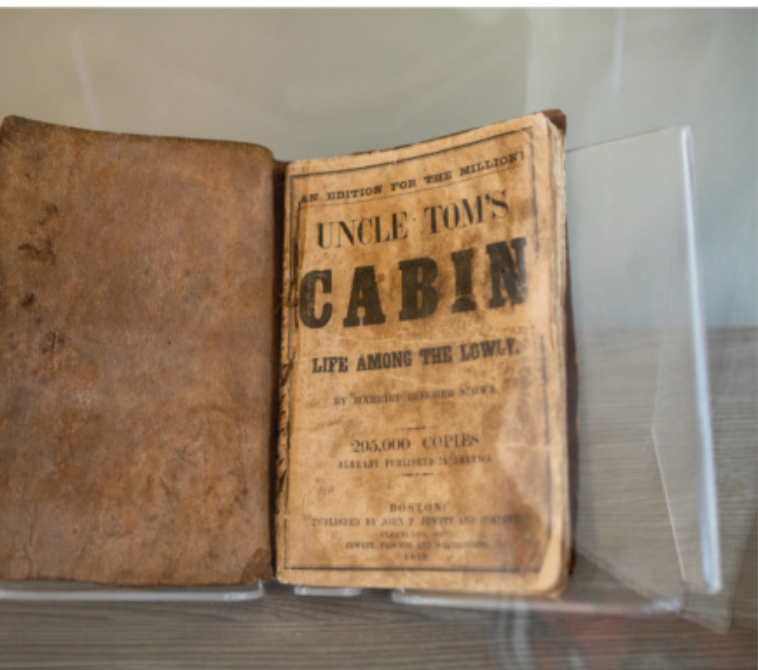
My 15-year-old son, tall, Black, and curious, leaves my side and climbs into a six-by-two-by-two-foot suspended wooden bunk. I momentarily look away.

We're three hours south of Toronto in the Buxton National Historic Site & Museum, staring at a display that re-creates the cargo space of the ships that transported Africans into slavery. Our host, curator Shannon Prince, is a sixth-generation Canadian and the descendant of American slaves who fled Virginia and Tennessee to live as free people on this plot of land where we stand. She is asking Cameron to help her make a point. He and his 18-year-old brother can barely fit in the space, but it would have housed as many as six men and women, naked, sick, and hungry, on a 35-to-60-day voyage to generational bondage.

Watching Cameron climb into this box is more painful than I anticipated. But for my boys, touching the yokes and chains of slavery and hearing the stories of resilience marks a turning point. What we discover on this mini road trip from our home in Toronto—stopping at churches, museums, and monuments dedicated to Black stories—is a history of Black Canada that most Canadians don't know. “I had heard about it, but this time I felt it,” Cameron said.

In 1793, Lieutenant-Governor John Graves Simcoe passed the Act Against Slavery of Upper Canada (now Ontario), which banned the practice and acted as a door to freedom for American slaves. Over the next few decades, an estimated 30,000 men, women, and children followed the

◀ Tower of Freedom in Windsor, Ontario, which sits along the Detroit River.



North Star and successfully made their way to freedom via the Underground Railroad—that secret network of people and places that transported slaves from the American South. Nearby towns like Amherstburg, Buxton, Dresden, and Windsor still bear their imprint, and the region remains the epicenter of historical Black Canada.

“Most of our visitors come from America,” Prince tells us as we walk the 9,000-acre grounds of what was once the largest Black settlement in Ontario. “And they’re surprised to learn the extent of what happened here.”

We pop into a cream-colored schoolhouse that was built in 1861, and the boys learn that

Clockwise from top left: A first edition of Uncle Tom’s Cabin; curator Shannon Prince tells the author, right, and her family about Buxton National Historic Site; the author’s son Cameron.

when the local white community refused to allow Black settlers into existing schools, the settlement’s founder, Irish minister Reverend William King, encouraged the Buxton community to open its own school. Driven by the opportunity of education, the former slaves achieved incredible success under the guidance of some of the top Black educators in North America. Alumni include prominent political and religious leaders, as well as Anderson Abbott, who would go on to be the first Black doctor in Canada. The school became so renowned that an expansion was implemented to integrate white students, whose parents hoped for similar successes for their own children.

As she takes us around, Prince points out pictures of herself in the class photos on the wall and regales us with stories of growing up in a town where everyone knew one another. At many of the sites we visit (which were open with social-distancing measures in place), guides have personal links to the history and pepper their talks with anecdotes of the hardships and heroics of those who lived there.

At the Uncle Tom’s Cabin Historic Site in Dresden, for example, manager Steven Cook shows us Cook’s Hill, the homestead that’s been in his family for generations. It was another safe haven for fugitive slaves created in part by Josiah Henson, the former slave and abolitionist thought to have been the inspiration for the protagonist in Harriet Beecher Stowe’s novel.

This collected history is vital for my sons—most Canadian kids don’t learn Black history at school. Outside of Black History



Exploring Southern Ontario

Chatham is about a three-hour drive south of Toronto. The surrounding towns of Amherstburg, Buxton, Dresden, and Windsor are all easily accessible, and a long weekend is ideal to see everything.

We stayed at the **Retro Suites Hotel** (retrosuites.com; doubles from \$138), which occupies a structure built in 1888 in downtown Chatham. Our first stop was the 9,000-acre **Buxton National Historic Site & Museum** (buxtonmuseum.com), the most significant Black settlement in Ontario. The **Black Mecca Museum** (ckbhs.org) has a modest collection of artifacts. In Dresden, **Uncle Tom's Cabin Historic Site** (heritagetrust.on.ca) is the place to learn about Canada's role in the Underground Railroad, while the open-air **Freedom Museum** (amherstburgfreedom.org), in Amherstburg, houses the 1848 African Methodist Episcopal church. Another significant religious site is the **Sandwich First Baptist Church** (sandwichbaptistchurch.ca), in Windsor, which was built in 1851. It is the oldest active Black church in Canada. — H.G.D.

Month assemblies, which often do little more than name-check American icons, not much is mentioned regarding the contributions Black Canadians have made to the country. Slavery is portrayed as an American institution without a connection to Canada, while Canadian history is dominated by European colonizers. But Prince says she's hopeful the recent Black Lives Matter

protests across the world will change what happens in the classroom to better reflect the Black experience.

THE BUILDINGS WE SEE aren't grand. Funding for most of these places comes in trickles, and even though they're designated National Historic Sites, federal help is minimal. At the Black Mecca Museum run by the Chatham-Kent Black Historical Society, artifacts are relegated to a cramped space inside a community center. So executive director Samantha Meredith makes sure visitors get a more complete picture by taking them on a walking tour through town. Highlights include the meetinghouse where American revolutionary John Brown gathered with other abolitionists in secret to plot a new, antislavery government in the U.S.

At the Freedom Museum in Amherstburg, we're shown the hundreds of different routes that led people to Canada, as well as the original cabin and church that

◀ Cameron in a classroom at the Buxton Mission School, founded in 1861.





▲
Clockwise from top left: At the chapel of Uncle Tom's Cabin Historic Site; a historical marker on the property; historian Lana Talbot leads a talk at the Sandwich First Baptist Church, in Windsor.

flank it, offering a glimpse into how escaped slaves lived upon arrival.

In the 1850s and 60s, a third of the population of Chatham and the surrounding towns was Black. Since then that figure has dwindled to about 2 percent. Some original settlers returned to the United States after the Civil War. Some families had children with different ambitions. Prince's relatives are the only Black

farming family that remains on the settlement surrounding the Buxton historic site. Though most of the people are gone, the pride remains—it's palpable, and those who have stayed are determined to preserve it.

For my family, the trip firmly dispels the myth that Black people are new to Canada. We've been here—creating, building, educating, and contributing—since long before Canada as we know it today was born.

As we make our way home, the car is alive with chatter. We flip through the books we've gathered along the way, already making plans to visit more of the places important to our history. Places like the Sheffield Park Black History Museum in Clarksburg, north of Toronto, which documents the town's Black settlement. Or the Nathaniel Dett Memorial Chapel, in Niagara Falls, which was constructed in 1836 by escaped slaves and named after the prominent Black Canadian composer who was born there.

Before leaving Chatham, we drive through the charming downtown district, with its low-slung brick buildings and historic theater. The boys are quick to point out Simcoe Lane, named after the man who first opened the doors to this country for so many formerly enslaved people. Days before it would've been just another forgotten street name. Now it has meaning. ●




ALL OVER THE MAP

An atlas can be more than just a handy guide for navigating from one point to another. For **RYAN BRADLEY**, it's an opportunity to see the world from another perspective—and an invitation to dream about the future.

IT IS LATE, AND I AM sitting on the living room floor, surrounded by maps. Here is the oversize *National Geographic Atlas of the World* I sprang for in my twenties and lugged from apartment to apartment, then across the country. Flipping through the pages of this gigantic volume, I'm reminded that it doesn't just include the whole Earth. There are surveys of the surfaces of the moon and Mars, too, plus the night skies of the Southern and Northern hemispheres.

Beside the atlas are several much smaller books and brochures that I've collected from national and state parks, mostly in the western United States but some from

Wayfinding by map rather than algorithm sent us down beautiful lanes, through small French villages and across the rolling countryside.



farther afield. Alongside a map of Death Valley is one of Israel's Makhtesh Ramon, an ancient crater caused by centuries of erosion. Within arm's reach of these is a fat U.S. road atlas, topographical maps of the California coastline, and a leather-bound collection that covers the Rocky Mountains.

This is not my entire stash—far from it. I started my collection more than a decade ago, when I edited maps at *National Geographic Adventure* magazine. Now they're mostly stored in two boxes in my garage, waiting for me to pluck them out before a trip.

Years ago, my wife and I were traveling to a rented house outside the town of Gordes in Provence. The house was on a tiny unpaved country road, so I'd carefully downloaded the route from the airport to my phone. But we missed a connection and had to take a different flight; we ended up at a different airport. Luckily we had the 1979 Michelin Red Guide my parents had relied on when they drove around France one summer. Being sentimental, I'd stuffed it into my carry-on. It saved the day and then some—wayfinding by map rather than algorithm sent us down beautiful lanes, through small French villages and across the rolling countryside.

With the pandemic causing much uncertainty, I am not planning a trip tonight or anytime soon. The maps have been spread across the floor for several days, for reasons that are only now becoming clear to me. The past few mornings, my one-year-old son goes crawl-marching through the house and heads straight toward the map pile, his small body suddenly covering the distance from Big Sur to Mumbai.

He paws at them, tracing the lines of rivers, borders, changes in elevation. I flip to a spread in the world atlas: a mosaic of Pacific islands.

He giggles at the abstract shapes, the bright colors along each island's coastline contrasting with the whites and blues of the sea. Watching him look at maps before knowing what they are, or what they are supposed to do, helps me see them with fresher eyes. And to think about what I really use them for.

An atlas, for instance, is essentially a collection of maps. Sometimes it also includes facts and figures, the stuff you might need to begin to understand a place. But more and more I'm drawn to what it doesn't offer. An atlas or a map is a snapshot, and for those who know how to spot them, even simple labels can reveal the influence of science and politics. There is, however, no nudging advice, the kind you'd find in a typical tourist's guidebook. A map is a representation, but the story is yours to fill in.

These days I'm using my maps to send my mind wandering from my home in Los Angeles, even if it's just to travel the hills and valleys of my own state. I've been spending time with the wonderfully weird *Atlas of Remote Islands: Fifty Islands I Have Never Set Foot On and Never Will* by the German writer Judith Schalansky. In the introduction, she writes that "Anyone who opens an atlas wants everything at once, without limits—the whole world." Of course that's why I keep these maps around, and why I've pulled them out now: for the sudden abundance in a time of scarcity and isolation.

Each day we're made hyperaware of the limits of our existence. The spheres of our daily lives have been feeling quite small. The maps spread out on my floor serve as a reminder to me that, in fact, the rest of the world is still out there. And though these great big pages prove it's all been charted, our planet is still bigger and more mysterious than we'll ever know. ●

BREATHING NEW LIFE INTO BRASÍLIA

Brazil's capital used to be seen as an example of what went wrong with Modernist urbanism. But 60 years after its founding, **MICHAEL SNYDER** finds a Brasília that is very much of, and for, the people.

LÚCIO MONTIEL was the third child ever to be born in Brasília's Base Hospital. It was 1960, and after four years of construction, the city had just formally opened as the center of Brazilian bureaucracy. Montiel's parents, like so many others from across the country, had chosen to arrive early, leaving the then-capital, Rio de Janeiro, to take part in this wildly optimistic experiment—a Modernist fantasia of a city willed into existence by the leftist president Juscelino Kubitschek, the architect Oscar Niemeyer, and the visionary city planner Lúcio Costa, the man for whom Montiel was named.

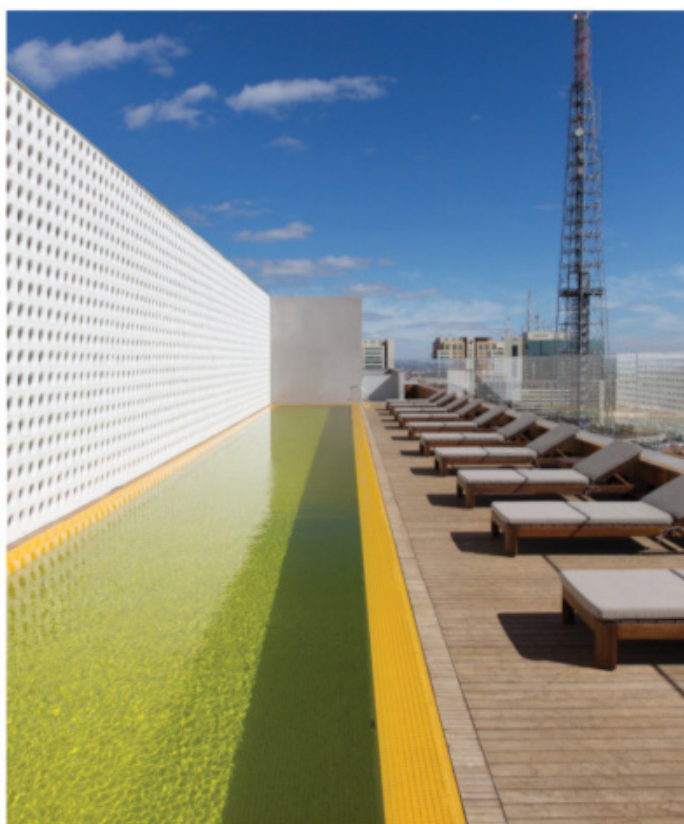
Today, Montiel works as a guide for the city and surrounding region. He met me on a bright blue morning in February, before the pandemic had hit Brazil, at the recently opened **B Hotel** (bhotelbrasilia.com.br; doubles from \$100). Its

wood-paneled interiors, designed by the São Paulo-based architect Isay Weinfield, are a nod to the slick, high-modern aesthetic of Niemeyer.

Over the course of the morning Montiel and I visited Niemeyer's institutional structures along the grand central esplanade, better known as the Monumental Axis: the Metropolitan Cathedral, its parabolic white columns like ascending gulls; the Itamaraty Palace, with delicate concrete arches rising from a reflecting pool studded with lily pads and papyrus plants; and the Plaza of the Three Powers, where the white marble columns of the Supreme Court and Planalto Palace seem to billow like curtains.

But first, Montiel wanted to show me a lesser-known Brasília monument: the Model Superquadra, a residential superblock maintained since its completion in 1960 as an exemplar of Costa's vision. "All visitors see is the Monumental Axis," Montiel told me as we walked past the tiny, Niemeyer-designed Our Lady of Fatima church at the center of the Superquadra, its white concrete roof swept up like a tarp stretched over concrete columns. The structure is an homage to the tent where the city celebrated its first-ever mass in a vast, open field in May 1957. "But that doesn't give you any idea of how people actually live."

How people actually live in Brasília has changed dramatically since the inauguration of this strange, singular city. For decades, people



FROM LEFT: ANDRÉ KLOTZ; COURTESY OF @PICNIKBSB. OPPOSITE: FAUSTO GIACONE/ANZENBERGER/REDUX

▲ From left: The rooftop pool at Brasília's newly opened B Hotel; a Buddhist meditation session at Picnik, a quarterly arts festival.



▲
The Alvorada Palace, a presidential residence designed by Modernist architect Oscar Niemeyer.



◀
Rubato, an artisanal chocolate factory and shop in Brasília's stylish Asa Norte district.

turned the Modernist dream into a reality of their own invention.

Most of the day-to-day transformations reshaping the city have taken place in the Asa Norte and Asa Sul—the North and South Wings, planned residential sectors that run perpendicular to the Monumental Axis. Today, they're dotted with third-wave coffee shops like **Antonieta** (fb.com/antonieta cafe) and **Jacket Café** (fb.com/jacket cafes) and restaurants like **Objeto Encontrado** (objeto encontrado.com.br; entrées \$4–\$6). On my first night in town, I stopped at the latter and sampled an eclectic spread of *labneh*, kimchi, and pickles made from *maxixe*, a spiky local fruit. At bean-to-bar chocolate shop **Rubato** (fb.com/rubato chocolate), pastry chef Gustavo Maragna combines cacao from Brazil's northeast with nuts and fruit from the Cerrado.

Even outlying districts like Guará—not part of the Plano Piloto, the UNESCO-protected planned city—draw visitors with bars like **Criolina** (fb.com/cevejariacriolina), a brewery in a former garage, and **Acervo Café** (fb.com/acervocafesespecies), a natural-wine spot serving surprising bottles from Brazil's temperate south.

considered it a bureaucratic office park, where rigid rationality had strangled all spontaneity. Brasilienses, as its residents are called, would spend weekends in Rio or São Paulo, fleeing this artificial city in the Cerrado—Brazil's interior savanna. Brasília was still so new that its people didn't even have an accent to call their own.

"There was this idea for years that people only come to work, not because they cared for the city," says Miguel Galvão, who, with his business partner, Maiene Horbylon, started the quarterly arts festival **Picnik** (picnik.art.br) in 2012. "Now creative people want to show that it's our city, too." That intervention began roughly a decade ago, as the second generation of Brasilienses raised in the city came of age. They started events like **Ocupação Contém** (fb.com/contembsb), an annual installation and gathering in an abandoned wave pool in the city's central park, and roving parties like **Samba Urgente** (fb.com/samba urgente), the hip-hop-influenced **Makossa** (fb.com/makossa.bsb), and a queer celebration called **Lust** (fb.com/lust.bsb). Young Brasilienses—largely aligned against the right-wing government that swept into power with president Jair Bolsonaro in 2019—have

A Detour to Brasília

GETTING THERE

There are no nonstop flights from the U.S. to Brasília, but most travelers will choose to incorporate the city into a larger Brazil itinerary, and fly first into São Paulo. From there, it's a 90-minute domestic flight to the capital.

HOW TO BOOK

São Paulo-based **Martin Frankenburg** (martin@matuete.com; 55-11-3071-4515), a Brazil specialist on T+L's A-List of top travel advisors, can organize an itinerary that combines Brasília with other highlights like Rio de Janeiro and the Brazilian Amazon.

▼
Pork meatballs with basil and ora-pro-nóbis, a local green, at a dinner curated by gastronomic collective Cerrado No Prato.





The Niemeyer-designed Metropolitan Cathedral of Brasília.

Many of these spaces work with scholar and food activist Ana Paula Jacques, whose project **Cerrado No Prato** (cerradonoprato.com), or Cerrado on Your Plate, helps connect regional producers with city restaurants.

At Jacques's suggestion, I woke at dawn on a drizzly Saturday morning to meet the 81-year-old chef Francisco Ansiliero, the first in town to work closely with local producers, at the **Ceasa-DF** (ceasa.df.gov.br), a produce market open to retail shoppers on Wednesdays and Saturdays. We snacked on local cheeses, tropical fruits, and griddled cakes of sweet corn and preserved beef that are sold by local charcuterie producer Leo Hamu. Ansiliero opened his restaurant **Dom Francisco** (menudigital.site/dfpatio; entrées \$13–\$23) 31 years ago, but, he told me, “the last five have been the most important and interesting: now the people cooking here in Brasília are from here, too.”

The chef André Castro, for instance, returned to Brasília, where he grew up, in 2015 to open his casually chic restaurant **Authoral** (authoral.com.br; entrées \$6–\$13) after 25 years of cooking around the country and in Europe. “The Cerrado is our backyard,” he told me over dinner on my last night in town, “but most people don’t even know about the ingredients it provides.” Dishes that night included plantain gnocchi, served with Hamu’s handmade sausages, and gray

snapper crusted with native nuts like cashew and *baru*. “We have a responsibility to show people how delicious those ingredients can be.”

Earlier that day, I’d met the graffiti artist Pedro Sangeon for a tour of Brasília’s evolving street-art scene. As a kid, Sangeon told me, he lived in a place of green lawns and blank white walls: a fantasy of urban perfection—and also, of course, an illusion. The workers who built the city, many of them poor and Black, were displaced the moment it was complete. Since then, Brasília has burst the bounds of the Plano Piloto, designed for 500,000, and bloomed into an urban agglomeration of 3 million, no less plagued by inequality than the rest of the country. “Brasília was built to be a certain thing,” Sangeon said as we walked past abstract murals, another form of urban occupation in a city where every wall is a historic landmark. “But people don’t work like that.”

We headed back toward the Model Superquadra to see a set of installations near the former auto shop where the Picnik team has recently opened a community arts space called **Infinu** (infinu.com.br). Sangeon stopped to point out some simple spray-painted tags. In São Paulo, he said, graffiti artists use letters as tall and monolithic as skyscrapers; in Rio, the tight, compact letters loop in on themselves, like the favelas that climb the surrounding hills. In Brasília, the tags look like ancient glyphs, each letter separated from the other, the sense of endless space and endless possibility translated into street art: a Brasiliense accent, right there in black and white. ●



Carved wooden blocks are used to create some of India's most prized fabrics.

An artisan in the Rajasthan village of Bagru uses a block to create a pattern.

THE FINE PRINT

In Jaipur, intricate textile techniques have been passed down through families for centuries. **DEBORAH NEEDLEMAN** meets the modern-day artisans ensuring that the traditions remain in good hands.

IN THE PAST FEW YEARS, my passion for craft has transformed how I travel. Without calling attention to itself in the way of art or architecture, craft quietly sits at the nexus of everything unique to a place: its landscape, notions of beauty and ritual, its history, its sufferings, and its hope. While craft is born of necessity—the making of the things we need to survive—almost every culture has also devised ways to make these things beautiful and delightful. Craft, I believe, is an expression of our common humanity, and yet it manifests in exquisitely varied and ingenious ways.

Few places are as rich in this heritage as the Indian city of Jaipur. In the 18th century, its ruler Sawai Jai Singh II brought artisans from all over the subcontinent to adorn his court. Despite myriad setbacks over the past 300 years, Jaipur forged a legacy as a center of crafts, from massive geometric rugs to delicate brass statuettes.

So when David Prior, a friend and journalist turned travel planner, asked me to host an intimate, 10-day craft-based tour for his club, **Prior** (*prior.club*; membership from \$2,500), I immediately chose India, with Jaipur as our starting point. Since I am crazy for Indian fabrics—from fine silk saris to sturdy cotton *lehngas*, or skirts—we focused our 72 hours in Jaipur on textiles.

I wanted to introduce our group of 12, among them an Italian writer and an American garden designer, to the best artisans in a few select techniques. For block printing, we headed to Bagru, a suburb half an hour outside Jaipur where makers have been engaged in block carving, hand printing, and indigo vat

dyeing for centuries. The village is like a company town in which each household plays a role in the industry, and we saw different members of the community doing their prescribed part in the complex process of making a single fabric.

We strolled past carvers in their street-front studios, father and son working side by side, chiseling patterns into the slabs of wood that would be used for printing. We were often beckoned into the home studios of printers who use fermented mud mixtures, or *dabu*. The men sift the mud with their feet; their wives block-print the *dabu* onto fabric so that some areas resist the dye. Nearby were blue-stained men crouching to tend belowground indigo vats and women standing waist deep in large basins, where they wash the fabrics before and after they are dyed.

Our hosts in town were Avinash Maurya and Kriti Gupta, the delightful young couple behind **WabiSabi Project** (wabisabiproject.com). Though the name nods to the Japanese concept of embracing imperfection, the duo is dedicated to researching and teaching block-printing traditions in Bagru. At their studio, each of us printed and dyed our own set of four cotton napkins to get a sense of the process—and to make a nice souvenir for our tables at home.

For a glimpse into *leheriya*, the tie-dye method unique to Jaipur and used mainly for ceremonial saris, we enjoyed a private visit to the home workshop of a fourth-generation master. These fabrics have soft and complex wave or check patterns—elegant in all the ways retro-hippie tie-dye is not. Ikramuddin Sabir Neelgar, head of the last family still doing this work within the old city walls, maintains a brightly lit studio where the interior is delightfully splattered with red and pink dyes.

After the sons and nephews comprising the fifth generation welcomed us, they led us to a room in which tiny, elderly women sat on the floor, knotting rolled fabric into sausage-like links of various lengths and thicknesses at a mind-bogglingly rapid clip. One at a time, we situated ourselves beside them and were patiently instructed, though none of us quite succeeded in mimicking their elegant, decisive movements. With help from the younger Neelgars, we mixed buckets of dye, dipped our knotted fabric into them, and hung our attempts at *leheriya* to dry. Later, removing the strings revealed lovely scarves with sinuous patterns moving diagonally across the sheer cotton fabric.



From top: Fabric at Ridhi Sidhi; Amer Fort, part of a 10th-century palace just outside Jaipur.

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To go from these homes into the impeccably restored 1930s mansion that is **Nila House** (nilajaipur.com) is to step into another century. Painstakingly renovated by the architecture firm Studio Mumbai, the bungalow is a marriage of ancient techniques and an elegantly modern Eileen Gray/Le Corbusier-like aesthetic.

The center's purpose is perhaps even more impressive. Founded by English philanthropist

Fabric designs from the Kutch community in Gujarat on display at Nila House.

Lady Carole Bamford, it hosts exhibits of antique textiles, live demonstrations, even a blog offering online how-tos—and, of course, there's a retail space selling handmade clothing and decorative objects. Each year, Nila's Indian design team focuses on a different method and collaborates with a designer, often a Westerner, to create a collection. When we were there, the shop showcased indigo work created with the English designer Anna Valentine.

Across from Nila House is the main branch of **Anokhi** (anokhi.com), one of my favorite spots for affordable block-printed clothing and *kantha*-embroidered home textiles sourced from workshops throughout Rajasthan. If ever I were to turn up in India having packed nothing but underwear, this is where I'd stock up on essentials. Back in the city center, the highlight is **Ridhi Sidhi** (fb.com/ridhisidhitextiles), a hard-core experience for those who love towering stacks of Bengali *kantha* quilts, tablecloths, and the like. Try to encourage Braj Badaya, or one of the other gracious family members who run the business, to invite you to their warehouse—a treasure trove of old and new textiles. And don't miss the company's sunny demonstration studio to see how the multihued fabrics are printed.

This type of trip lingers long after you return home, in memories and in mementos. I think of the artisans and our group each time I wear my very-flattering-for-a-muumuu Ridhi Sidhi block-printed dresses, which I bought in every color. ●



SMALL CITY, BIG DREAMS

The family behind one of America's biggest retailers has helped reshape the area around Bentonville, Arkansas, into a haven for culture and fun—from groundbreaking art to seat-of-your-pants cycling adventures.

BY MARK HEALY

THERE'S NO BETTER EMBLEM of the transformation of northwest Arkansas than a former Velveeta factory in the city of Bentonville. Until seven years ago, the building produced massive quantities of the country's favorite processed cheese. Now it houses the **Momentary** (themomentary.org), a multimillion-dollar hive of contemporary arts and culture that hosts exhibitions, installations, and recitals of avant-garde music and dance.

Whatever you expect to find in NWA—a handy moniker for Bentonville and other nearby cities, including Bella Vista, Fayetteville, and Eureka Springs—you'll likely still be surprised. Around every corner is a new diversion, whether it's the Wagyu-beef tartare at **Oven & Tap** (ovenandtap.com; *entrées* \$6–\$20); the overachieving art collection in the lobby of the **21c Museum Hotel** (21cmuseumhotels.com; *doubles from* \$247); the local IPAs and shuffleboard at the **Holler** (alocalhangout.com); or cocktails at the rooftop bar of the **Preacher's Son** (thepreachersson.com; *entrées* \$25–\$32), a restaurant set above a former church. (Its chef, Matthew Cooper, is a real-life preacher's son.)

Of course, Bentonville is unmistakably a company town, and that company is Walmart. The majority of residents work at the corporate headquarters of the big-box retailer or at a Walmart-dependent business. Founder Sam Walton's first Bentonville store, a five-and-dime on the town square, is today the **Walmart Museum** (walmartmuseum.com). It's worth a half-hour of any visitor's time, if only to check out the returned items on display, like a





◀ Clockwise from far left: Cycling in Bentonville, Arkansas; burrata and heirloom tomatoes at the Preacher's Son, in Bentonville; the bar at the Preacher's Son; Fly's Eye Dome, by R. Buckminster Fuller, at the Crystal Bridges Museum of American Art.

crushed tennis racket sent back with the explanation “could not serve well with it.”

The descendants of Sam and his wife, Helen, have hewn close to their native region. Counting the wealthiest family in the country as local residents has its advantages for a city of 50,000. The Waltons, individually and collectively, through foundations and various entrepreneurial support systems, have made Bentonville a stellar destination for a three-day weekend, with the advantage that most everything you'd want to do is a short walk from downtown.

The primary example of Walton largesse is the **Crystal Bridges Museum of American Art** (crystalbridges.org), which Alice Walton, the fourth child of Sam and Helen, opened in 2011, setting in motion the region's renaissance. A stunning arced structure made of glass, concrete, copper, and red cedarwood, the museum was designed by Israeli-Canadian architect Moshe Safdie to blend in to the surrounding landscape.

The collection is both solid and surprising, ranging from colonial portraiture to the work of emerging artists; recent acquisitions include a quilt made from strips of American flags by Carla Edwards and portraits by New Mexican photographer Frank Blazquez. Next year, Crystal Bridges will celebrate its 10th anniversary with a showstopping exhibition of some of the museum's most beloved works. (Like the Momentary, its offshoot, Crystal Bridges has reopened while implementing social-distancing measures.)

And the art goes beyond the gallery walls. The Bachman-Wilson House, designed by Frank Lloyd Wright, was imported from New Jersey and reassembled among the many sculptures on the grounds. Making the short walk





back to the 21c at dusk, I stumbled upon James Turrell's installation *The Way of Color*, a domed stone structure with a circle open to the sky. A small crowd had gathered in the room, leaning into the heated stone seats to watch the light show that creeps in every night a few minutes before sunset.

BENTONVILLE'S **Thaden Field** (*thadenfield.com*) is an airport in the way that the Batmobile is a motor vehicle. Named for local legend Louise Thaden, who held dozens of aviation records in the 1920s and 30s, the airfield is sleek, intimate, and built for fun. It's a place for both recreational aviators and spectators who want to watch prop planes come and go. The seven-minute ride from downtown is worth it just for the "hippie hash"—eggs, feta, vegetables, and hot sauce—at the airport's restaurant, **Louise** (*louise.cafe*; entrées \$10–\$28). But until you're wheels up in a Cessna, you can't fully appreciate the airfield's true gift to the region: there's no easier, more accessible way to see the backcountry.



▲ The original Walton's Five and Dime in downtown Bentonville, now the Walmart Museum.

There are grass airstrips across the Ozark Mountains where a pilot can bounce down for a landing and spend the day hiking, fishing, biking, or just stopping in some little town for lunch and then flying home. But you don't need your own plane to do it—charter flights are reasonably affordable. One morning I boarded a Cessna, which soared into the

The flat, well-marked cycling route led to cattle farms and open meadows straight out of an Andrew Wyeth painting.

Ozarks as the fog was lifting off Beaver Lake and the sun was rising over Roark Bluff, an expansive sheer-faced cliff along the Buffalo River. Thirty minutes later, we touched down on a conspicuously well-maintained strip of grass on the side of a hill where my pilot, Austin Albers, keeps a hangar for his plane.

We had arrived at Albers's **Buffalo Outdoor Center** (buffaloriver.com), a 1,100-acre property with lodges, cabins, zipline canopy courses, and kayak and canoe rentals located 75 miles southeast of Bentonville. The center also offers access to a massive system of bike trails, including the longest stretch of downhill track in the Midwest. "You can mountain bike in this area twelve months of the year," Albers said, "and since trail builders are constantly competing with each other to create new features, the quality is phenomenal. There are four hundred miles of paths, so you can ride for a week and not cover the same one twice."

Biking is the preferred mode of transportation in and around Bentonville, too, and the variety of local trails is fast becoming one of the area's main attractions. Thanks to preservation efforts and land grants from the Walton Family Foundation, there's now a sprawling system with options for every level of daring, culminating in the steep, loose-gravel Bush Hill, named after George W. Bush, who conquered it in 2010.

One afternoon, I hit the Razorback Regional Greenway—a commuter path that runs 36 miles from Bella Vista through Bentonville to Fayetteville—to explore the rest of northwest Arkansas. The flat, well-marked route took me past malls and McMansions, eventually leading to cattle farms and open meadows straight out of an Andrew Wyeth painting. It was far more beautiful than I had expected it to be.

I was heading back toward town when a guy on a mountain bike pulled alongside me and asked where he could buy a pocketknife. "I don't know," I told him. "I'm from New York City." "Yeah," he replied. "I'm from Utah." Then he looked up, smiling. "There's probably a Walmart around here somewhere." 🐾



From top: Cocktails at the Preacher's Son; Exodus, an installation of vintage saris by Suchitra Mattai, at the Momentary, a cultural center in Bentonville.



UNPLUGGED ESCAPES

From lakeside splendor to mountain peaks, find a new outlet in scenic destinations at **Hilton** hotels and resorts across the nation. Reconnect, recharge, and create moments to cherish with friends and family for years to come, whether it's hiking lofty summits, experiencing fly-fishing, or even dog sledding. Relax and soak up peace and quiet in some of the country's prettiest regions.

LAKE SARANAC, NY

About 300 miles due north of New York City (and 2.5 hours north of Albany), Lake Saranac is nestled in the expansive Adirondack Mountains. Channeling the legacy of the Great Camps built by some of the Gilded Age's most successful families, the iconic **Hotel Saranac, a Curio Collection by Hilton** mingles modern luxury with rustic natural beauty. Hike the six peaks around the lake and earn "6er" status, sip cocktails at the Great Hall Bar, and unwind at the Ampersand Salon & Spa with signature rituals, including the soothing Nature & Nurture skin treatment. Roll out a yoga mat in the wilderness, stroll the 1-mile round-trip, multi-use Saranac Lake Riverwalk, and dine on locally inspired dishes at Campfire Adirondack Grill + Bar. hotelsaranac.com

PARK CITY, UT

Take in stunning fall foliage now at the award-winning **Waldorf Astoria Park City**, or plan ahead for snowy peaks during winter ski season. Situated in the gorgeous Wasatch Mountains, this is the only luxury hotel with slope-side access to Park City Mountain, the largest ski resort in the U.S. Savor the fresh air with peaceful fly-fishing or mountain biking in autumn. When the snow arrives, mix up activities like skiing and snowboarding with snowshoeing and horse-drawn sleigh rides, or go dog sledding with Siberian huskies. Then cozy up in front of your room's private fireplace with superb in-room dining—a longstanding tradition at the original Waldorf Astoria, the world's first hotel to offer room service. waldorfastoriaparkcity.com



◀
From left: Waldorf Astoria Park City;
Lake Saranac; Boulders Resort & Spa
Scottsdale, a Curio Collection by Hilton.

SCOTTSDALE, AZ

Inspired by the Sonoran Desert, **Boulders Resort & Spa Scottsdale, a Curio Collection by Hilton** features adobe casitas and suites with Southwestern décor and wood-burning fireplaces, as well as vacation home-style haciendas and villas for more space and fully equipped kitchens. During the day, connect to the landscape with real-deal rock-climbing, desert fly-fishing, and golf on two 18-hole Jay Morrish-designed golf courses. Or discover the natural surroundings on foot, bike, or horseback. After dark, go stargazing on the resort's wide-open fairway, or take a moonlit ride on paved paths with mountain bikes outfitted with LED lights. Nourish your sense of adventure with the resort's fine dining and health-conscious offerings, showcasing American, Southwestern, and Mexican flavors. theboulders.com

BURLINGTON, VT

Leaf-peeping, giant pumpkins, and apple cider doughnuts are among the simple pleasures you'll find on the shores of Lake Champlain. The **Hilton Burlington Lake Champlain** is walking distance from the pedestrian-friendly Church Street Marketplace, where you can shop for artisan chocolates and browse small boutiques. Take a drive out to the Green Mountains, or stay local and cycle on the Burlington Bike Path, a 7.6-mile rec path passing through six public parks. Watch the sailboats glide by from a lakeview room, or look out over City Hall Park, Champlain College, and historic church steeples in a city-view room. For another great vantage point, head to the lobby-level Mounted Cat restaurant, designed with a contemporary country aesthetic. burlington.hilton.com

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Edited by PAUL BRADY

NICHOLAS KNIGHT/COURTESY OF THE ARTIST/LAGUARDIA GATEWAY PARTNERS/PUBLIC ART FUND, NY/@SARAH SZE

Shorter than the Day,
a new installation by
Sarah Sze, at New York's
LaGuardia Airport.



Cutting-Edge Design, About to Take Off

New airport terminals opening around the world are bringing high-concept art and architecture to once-dreary spaces. **BY RACHEL CHANG**

WHEN 60 EAGER TRAVELERS boarded flights at Taipei Songshan Airport on July 2, they were headed, well, nowhere. To showcase major renovations—more than 100,000 square feet of new shopping, dining, and lounge areas—completed during spring’s travel lockdown, the airport offered half-day tours in the form of mock takeoff experiences. A whopping 7,000 locals entered a lottery to get one of the coveted spots.

It’s a sign of the enthusiasm fliers have for airports that are more than just places to pass through. Architects and urban planners are taking notice, says Max Hirsh, an airport expert and professor at the University of Hong Kong. “It’s important to make a positive first impression on visitors and create positive memories when they leave,” Hirsh notes, citing Singapore’s Jewel Changi Airport, which opened in April 2019, as the leading example. “Airports become urban centers in themselves, with a range of leisure, shopping, and entertainment facilities.”

That’s certainly true at Berlin Brandenburg Airport, a \$8.6 billion project that broke ground in 2006. Its Terminal 1 is slated to open on October 31, and by year’s end Brandenburg will take over from the cramped, much-maligned Berlin Tegel, which is due to close on November 8. Passengers at the new airport will walk past landscaping reminiscent of the city’s Unter den Linden, the famed boulevard linking the Brandenburg Gate and Museum Island, and enter between colonnades similar to those at the Altes Museum. They will then step into the massive departures hall, under *The Magic Carpet*, a site-specific sculptural work by California artist Pae White.

Art is also key at New York City’s LaGuardia Airport, where work continues



◀
*Berlin
Brandenburg
Airport, in the
works since 2006,
opens this fall.*

▼
*Artist Sabine
Hornig used more
than 1,100
photographs in
La Guardia Vistas.*

on an \$8 billion overhaul. The latest addition is a new Terminal B, served by Air Canada, American, Southwest, and United. Thanks to a partnership with the Public Art Fund, passengers can check out mirrored balloons by Danish sculptor Jeppe Hein, a kaleidoscopic glass collage by German artist Sabine Hornig, mosaics by Los Angeles-based Laura Owens, and

a photographic installation by New York City's Sarah Sze.

At Bermuda's L. F. Wade International, which aims to open a new terminal by the end of the year, the focus is on the outdoors: fliers will be able to stash their bags and walk an adjacent nature trail or enjoy a pre-security patio with views of the ocean and local flora, including frangipani, hibiscus, and palms. Inside,

the sloping roof will call to mind traditional Bermudan architecture.

San Francisco International Airport likewise embraces its environment, with the 1,460-square-foot SkyTerrace, which opened in February. This space offers panoramic views of all four runways as well as the bay. Located outside security in Terminal 2, the free observation deck has quickly become a destination for locals.

And the long-awaited new terminal at Salt Lake City International Airport—in progress in one form or another since the 90s—is now open. The linear design of the New SLC, as it's known, gives passengers a sweeping view of Utah's Oquirrh and Wasatch mountains, as well as monumental indoor sculptures by Californian Gordon Huether. The largest is *The Canyon*, which was forged from aluminum frames and 2½ acres of fabric that span more than the length of a football field. Better check in early.



FROM TOP: FLUGHAFEN BERLIN BRANDENBURG GMBH/GÜNTER WICKER; NICHOLAS KNIGHT/COURTESY OF THE ARTIST/LA GUARDIA GATEWAY PARTNERS/PUBLIC ART FUND, NY/TANYA BONAKDAR GALLERY, NEW YORK/LOS ANGELES. ©SABINE HORNIG AND VG BILD-KUNST, BONN GERMANY. OPPOSITE: FROM TOP: COURTESY OF GETAWAY; JULIA TEMBER/COURTESY OF UNYOKED

A Place in the Woods

As private stays remain in high demand, a number of stylish cabins are coming to the rescue for city dwellers. **BY JOHN WOGAN**



LESS THAN TWO HOURS south of Sydney, a 150-square-foot wooden cabin sits alone in the middle of an ancient pine forest. Despite the isolated setting, guests don't go there to rough it. Solar panels line the roof, and, inside, visitors will find many of the comforts of home, including a plush queen bed fitted with Italian linens. The fully stocked kitchenette has bottles of local lager and organic coffee, while a stone firepit ringed with Adirondack chairs awaits for evening campfires and s'mores.

This hideaway is the latest offering from **Unyoked** (unyoked.co; cabins

from \$159), a start-up founded last year by Aussie brothers Cam and Chris Grant. Their mission: to provide appealingly secluded yet accessible ways to escape the city in beautiful rural spots, be it a eucalyptus grove in Kangaroo Valley or deserted acreage at Blue Pyrenees Winery in the state of Victoria. Each of their 17 cabins

▼ *Unyoked cabins aren't big, but they're surrounded by the grandeur of nature.*

▲ *Getaway's Scandi-inspired homes are all within easy drives of many major U.S. cities.*

is less than two hours by car from Sydney, Melbourne, or Brisbane.

Even before the pandemic, overworked urbanites were turning toward nature as a way to recharge. That movement sparked the launch of Unyoked and, in the U.S., **Getaway** (getaway.house; cabins from \$99), which debuted in 2016. "We're always connected to a device and feel the need to constantly check it," founder Jon Staff says. "Our goal is to provide a break from the city, technology, and work so people can recharge."

Like Unyoked, the minimalist Getaway cabins are located near major cities and tend to attract design-minded urbanites. Getaway is already in places like California's Big Bear Lake, the Catskills in New York, and Shenandoah National Park in Virginia; a 12th location opened this year near the Uwharrie National Forest in North Carolina.

Sleek cabins have also popped up at the 3,300-acre **Elmley Nature Reserve** (elmleynaturereserve.co.uk; cabins from \$150), about 50 miles east of London. Owners Georgina and Gareth Fulton commissioned expert craftsman Richard Lee and his company, Plankbridge, to design and build the "shepherd huts," as Georgina calls them.

"It's an immersion in nature, but we still wanted it to be incredibly stylish," she says. The hideaways have luxe blankets from Romney Marsh Wools and linen curtains from Fable and Base, which uses natural dyes. Next up for Elmley? A tree house beside a pond in the woods, for that extra measure of remove.





Ecuador's New Wave

While much of the global cruise industry is on pause, there's plenty of action in this tropical destination, where new ships and itineraries are exploring more than just the Galápagos Islands. **BY NANCY TREJOS**

THE ICONIC GALÁPAGOS ISLANDS have long been a dream destination for wildlife enthusiasts. And while the bird-watching and tortoise-spotting there are unrivaled, the vessels that ply these waters tend to be, with a few exceptions, humdrum. But thankfully some new small ships are bringing luxurious amenities and thoughtful design to both the islands and the mainland.

"Ecuador hasn't had the same high-end experiences that you've found in recent years in Peru, our closest neighbor," says Santiago Dunn, CEO of **Ecoventura** (ecoventura.com), which by next year will have three yachts operating in the Galápagos. "But I think we have a lot to offer—and room to grow."

Ecoventura helped spark the movement toward design-minded ships with its *Origin* (launched in 2016) and *Theory* (2019), while the *Evolve* is slated for 2021. Each of the identical 142-foot vessels, which are part of the Relais & Châteaux collection, holds just 20 guests. (They're also available for private charter.) Staterooms have huge windows, while public spaces,

▲ *Ecoventura is leading the way, with stylish ships like the Theory.*

▼ *Ocean Grill restaurant, aboard the 100-passenger Celebrity Flora.*

including a sundeck, have teakwood accent tables and daybeds in a calming neutral palette.

A new vessel from **Celebrity Cruises** (celebritycruises.com), the 100-passenger *Celebrity Flora*, arrived last year, though it has since paused operations through October because of the pandemic. For the interiors, BG Studio International (which also designed the Club Spa Suites on Azamara ships) chose lounge chairs,



FROM TOP: COURTESY OF ECOVENTURA (2); MICHEL VERDURE/COURTESY OF CELEBRITY CRUISES

◀
Lounges aboard
Ecoventura's three
sister ships feature
vibrant patterns and
statement furniture.

ottomans, tables, and sculptures by Ecuadoran designer Adriana Hoyos, as well as king-size beds fitted with Egyptian-cotton linens. Even the tenders that transport guests from the ship to the islands have been rethought: the custom-built Novurania dinghies have stairs, metal railings, and a hydraulic ramp to make wet landings on the islands' beaches a little less wet.

The *Silver Origin*, the first destination-specific ship ever built by **Silversea Cruises** (silversea.com), was at press time scheduled to start sailing in September. Architecture firm Hirsch Bedner Associates, which brought a cool angularity with pops of color to the Four Seasons Kyoto, devised airy interiors for the 100-passenger ship, including an observation lounge near the bow with floor-to-ceiling windows and 180-degree views. All 51 of its butler-serviced suites have balconies—some even have ocean views from the tubs.

And while mainland Ecuador has been largely overlooked by the cruise industry, the new company **Kontiki Expeditions** (kontikiexpeditions.com) aims to launch the first of its 128-foot-long yachts there this December. "Ecuador is a super-diverse country," says Carlos Núñez, the founder and CEO of the firm, which is part of Small Luxury Hotels of the World. "The coastal areas are completely unexplored. We're taking guests to beaches, small towns, and many other off-the-beaten-path places."

The yachts will have nine staterooms (accommodating a maximum of 18 guests) and 10 crew members, plus a sundeck, two outdoor lounges, a bar, a whirlpool, and a gym. Interiors are heavy on organic materials—bamboo, jute, linen, and straw—and have lots of natural light and Ecuadoran art.

"I laugh when people say we're a cruise ship in the Galápagos," Núñez says. "We're more like a small, floating boutique hotel."



Taking Privacy to the Next Level

Luxury hotels are offering ever more exclusive experiences as travelers look to get away while keeping fellow vacationers at arm's length. **BY PAUL BRADY**

As the pandemic has spurred huge demand for personalized escapes, hotels are moving beyond presidential suites and club floors. "We're seeing a lot of private-use options, and they are being well received, particularly by multigenerational groups," says Keith Waldon, a family-travel expert and a member of T+L's Travel Advisory Board. "Anything with villas or individual casitas is in great demand."

Belmond (belmond.com; from \$25,788 for a seven-day itinerary) has just expanded its fleet of river barges available for charter in France; each of the seven vessels carries between four and 12 passengers along quiet waterways in enchanting destinations like Burgundy and Champagne. At **Las Ventanas al Paraíso, a Rosewood Resort**

(rosewood.com; doubles from \$770), guests arriving by private jet can now take care of immigration formalities on property, rather than at the airport in San José del Cabo.

On Mexico's Caribbean coast, the resort **Palmaia, the House of Aia** (thehouseofaia.com; doubles from \$700, all-inclusive) started offering full-floor bookings in July, letting guests reserve up to nine suites at a time, along with private transfers from Cancún International Airport and a reserved section of beach. And in Park City, Utah, the bobo-chic **Washington School House Hotel** (washingtonschoolhouse.com; doubles from \$450) now does full-property buyouts, with its 12 white-on-white rooms that promise any group a serious step up from the typical ski-bum crash pad.



Clockwise from far left: Botswana's Xigera Safari Lodge; a cheetah in the surrounding Moremi Game Reserve; artist Andile Dyalvane, whose ceramics are at Xigera; stools at the camp by Atang Tshikare.

A Gallery Without Walls

Inside one safari lodge's two-year effort to put African arts and culture at center stage. **BY TRAVIS LEVIUS**

THE COFFEE you're tasting on a sunrise game drive tastes so much more delicious out of a handmade mug," says Toni Tollman, the director of design and projects for Red Carnation Hotels. Such details are central to the design-fueled rethink of one of Botswana's most iconic places to stay, **Xigera Safari Lodge** (xigera.com). When the Tollman-family-owned camp reopens to guests in late 2020 after a two-year

overhaul led by architects Anton de Kock and Philip Fourie, the Okavango Delta property will be what Tollman calls a "living gallery" of southern Africa's most celebrated artists and craftspeople, curated by Cape Town's Southern Guild collective.

Many of the major pieces at Xigera (pronounced *kee-jeer-ah*) are site-specific commissions. Cape Town-based sculptor Adam Birch spent months on the property hand-carving benches and chairs from dead knobthorn and mangosteen

trees, intending them to mirror the semi-marine landscapes and wildlife of the surrounding area.

Other commissions include a 23-foot-wide water lily designed by de Kock and sculpted by South African Otto du Plessis that will reflect the dark delta waters flowing beneath the property's elevated walkways. A quartet of coiled ceramic sculptures from Cape Town-based Madoda Fani were inspired by woodpecker nests and plumage. Even the vaulted canvas of the lodge's 12 guest suites takes cues from the environment, mimicking the shape of the wings of the native Pel's fishing owl.

But for all the eye-catching art from South Africans—those



From left: Madoda Fani working in clay; a collection of Chuma Maweni's ceramics.

coffee mugs from ceramist Chuma Maweni, woven cane seating by designer Porky Hefer, hand-dyed and handwoven rugs from Coral & Hive—something is missing: Where are the artists from Botswana?

"Sadly, there are not so many," Tollman admits. True,

Botswana-based furniture and accessories brand Mabeo supplied some guest-suite tables and storage items such as trays, pencil boxes, and coasters. But almost all the major pieces are by South Africans—many of them white South Africans. In recent months, Southern Guild has pulled in

smaller contributions from dozens of Black craftspeople from across western and sub-Saharan Africa. "No doubt, the number of African artists supplying Xigera will continue to grow," says Southern Guild cofounder and CEO Trevyn McGowan.

Despite the representation question, the pioneering art-driven concept reflects a major shift for the safari industry: Tollman's ambitions may well spark a positive change that will see Africa's artistic talent woven more deeply into the fabric of the wilderness experience.

High Design, Far Afield

T+L's A-List travel advisors clue us in on more safari innovations. **BY SCOTT BAY**

CHEETAH PLAINS, SOUTH AFRICA

The camp's three minimalist private homes have contemporary African art on the walls, but it's the fleet of electric Land Cruisers that most impresses **Leora Rothschild** (leora@rothschildsafaris.com). "Approaching wildlife has never been easier," she says. "The custom vehicles are each powered by a Tesla battery and offer an almost silent game drive." cheetahplains.com.

DUMATAU CAMP, BOTSWANA

Each of the Bedouin-tent-inspired guest suites at this camp showcases works by African artists, says **Julian Harrison** (julianh@premier-tours.com). "Every piece tells an interesting conservation story. A shining example is Washington Muzondo's wild dog sculptures made from recycled snare wire." wilderness-safaris.com.

KISAWA SANCTUARY, MOZAMBIQUE

The first 3-D-printed resort in the world has caught the eye of **Michael Lorentz** (ml@passageto-africa.com). "I'm keen on its sophisticated take on traditional Mozambican architecture," he says. "The palm-leaf-thatched roofs nod to the past while the curved walls made of sand propel its design to the future." kisawa-sanctuary.com.

NGALA TREEHOUSE, SOUTH AFRICA

Fox Browne Creative, a South African design firm, is creating some of the coolest lodges right now, says **Sandy Cunningham** (sandy@outsidego.com). "Founders Debra Fox and Christopher Browne have completely modernized tree-house design with this one," she says. "The way light streams in through the floor-to-ceiling windows veiled with four-story-tall eucalyptus thatching is pure magic." andbeyond.com.

ZANNIER HOTELS SONOP, NAMIBIA

"The tented resort offers elegant furniture, rustic chandeliers, and open-air bathtubs with uninterrupted views of the surrounding desert dunes," says **Samantha Gee** (sgee@redsavannah.com), who is taken with the romance of the billowing canopies and the old-school aesthetic of the hotel. zannier-hotels.com.

Almost as Good as Being There

Virtual reality isn't new, but this felt like the year it finally arrived. **BY TANNER SAUNDERS**



The Royal Chapel at the Palace of Versailles, as seen on Google Arts & Culture.

Digital Airbnb Experiences now include wine tasting and taco making.

AS THE PANDEMIC forced travelers to stay home, virtual reality quickly became a portal to the world. Consider Google Arts & Culture, with its photos and 360-degree videos of more than 2,500 landmarks, including the Louvre, the Tate Modern, and U.S. national parks like Volcanoes and Kenai Fjords. While those virtual tours were popular before global lockdowns began, says Google's Simon Delacroix, the company rushed to add new experiences this spring. In April, for example, Google helped the New York Philharmonic rescue its in-person music festival "Mahler's New York," putting YouTube concerts and walking tours related to the Austrian composer online.

Airbnb, too, quickly adapted to our homebound reality, transitioning its popular guided trips hosted by users, known as Airbnb Experiences, into digital formats. "We wanted to make sure that we could really transport people with an online experience and not lose the magic of connection and authenticity," says Catherine Powell, Airbnb's Global Head of Hosting. Among the options: making tacos with a chef in Mexico City, checking out street art across Buenos Aires, or mixing up sangria with drag queens in Lisbon.

Airlines have jumped on the trend. Emirates has created virtual tours of its Airbus A380 planes, so you can sip a real cocktail at home while

pretending you're at the onboard bar. Hawaiian Airlines launched a series of video tutorials, teaching the basics of the islands' native language and how to make poke bowls like the ones served at Honolulu's Koko Head Café.

Even bucket-list experiences can now be livestreamed: Manitoba's Churchill Northern Studies Center put the northern lights online, and Egypt's Ministry of Tourism and Antiquities recently released a virtual tour of the tomb of Ramses VI.

And while nothing can compare with visiting Egypt's Valley of the Kings in person, virtual tours promise to be a great equalizer. When all you need to see the world is Wi-Fi, your choices for escape are limitless.

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*Dried lei decorate
a surfboard at
the Holoholo Surf
shop, in Maui.*



Yorkshire Over Hill, Over Dale PAGE 68 **Maui** Upcountry Magic PAGE 80
Paris When the Lights Go Down PAGE 92 **Essay** The Writer and the World PAGE 98

OVER HILL,

*Henry Moore's
Large Two Forms, on
display in the Yorkshire
Sculpture Park.*



OVER DALE

The wild, windswept landscapes and industrial-age towns of Yorkshire, in northeastern England, might seem like an unlikely setting for a cultural and culinary groundswell. But in fact, as **JOSHUA LEVINE** finds, this has always been a place that fosters proudly unexpected points of view. Photographs by **CHRISTOPHER KENNEDY**



W H E N people of Yorkshire call their
T H E region “God’s own country,”
G O O D as they have for centuries, it
conveys several meanings. One
carries a hint of smugness: these are among the
most county-proud citizens in all of England.
Another meaning, only slightly contradictory,
is gently ironic. The men and women of this
sprawling northern county—England’s largest—
are known for their self-deprecating humor,
and love to stick a pin in any kind of puffery,
especially their own.

To a visitor like myself, however, the most
obvious meaning is rooted in plain fact. From
its deep-green dales to the windswept moors

of Brontë country in the South Pennines and
the well-ordered Methodist towns of West
Yorkshire, this county goes a long way toward
justifying its billing.

Bear in mind, this is not Keats’s “beaker
full of the warm south.” It is bracing northern
beer, and that’s the way the locals like it. “The
landscape has a strong character, and so does
the local accent,” the TV writer Sally Wainwright
told me over e-mail. “‘God’s own country’ is
kind of a joke, but it’s also a strong identity.”

It was Wainwright who indirectly beckoned
me here through my television. On a fine
morning last fall just outside Halifax, not far
from where she grew up, I found a bunch of

▼
*Grantley Hall,
a stately home
near the city of
Ripon that was
converted into
a hotel last year.*



other visitors waiting in line to enter Shibden Hall. This 15th-century estate is the setting for a BBC TV series Wainwright created called *Gentleman Jack*, and it turns out its popularity has set off a small tourist stampede.

Gentleman Jack is based on a real person named Anne Lister, who inherited Shibden Hall in the early 1800s. She was a lesbian, and, as her nickname suggests, she didn't try very hard to hide it. Not for Lister the melancholy vapors of the closet; this is Yorkshire, home of the brave and unabashed. Lister proved a shrewd business owner, not to mention a diligent seductress of local gentlewomen. All this she set down in voluminous diaries (rendering the naughty bits in a code of her own devising that wasn't cracked until over a century later).

Even if you're not a *Gentleman Jack* fan, Shibden Hall is well worth visiting. It's a fine half-timbered manor with rich paneling and coffered ceilings the color of mink. When she wasn't pursuing romantic conquests, the real-life Anne Lister was making money, and much of it ended up being spent on the house.

As a motivation to hike through Shibden Hall's extensive parkland, there's the prospect of ending up for lunch at the Shibden Mill Inn nearby. Like much else in the county, Yorkshire cuisine is not prissy, but this pub serves comfort food with particular vigor. My pork chop arrived with gammon crumble, salt-baked carrot, pickled carrot, sticky toffee pudding purée, and cider cream. It was a lot harder waddling back from the pub than it was walking there.

It turns out there's also a Sally Wainwright link to Holdsworth House, the hotel I stayed at in Halifax. The handsome Jacobean manor served as a backdrop for an earlier Wainwright TV drama, *Last Tango in Halifax*. This is not surprising. The sandstone building, which dates back to the early 1600s, makes for a telegenic setting: the interiors are low-slung and woodsy; the large gardens, set off with stone ornaments and box hedges, are delightful. As I sat outside in the warm twilight, several young couples walked through on wedding-planning missions. Good luck to them—they picked a splendid place to embark on married life.

Halifax sits at the heart of West Yorkshire, which is what locals call the populous

►
A dessert of damson-plum parfait, buckwheat praline, and Chantilly cream at the Black Swan pub, in Oldstead.



►
Shaun Rankin at Grantley Hall, one of four restaurants at the hotel.

southwestern end of the county. This is a textile-milling and coal-mining region, or at least it was in England's 19th-century industrial heyday. A lone smokestack, jutting up like a spire, is often your first view of a village nestled in a West Yorkshire valley.

Those industries are long gone, but they've left reminders of a bustling past all over the region. Piece Hall, in the center of Halifax, is where merchants came to trade their woolen goods. Its two levels of colonnaded galleries arranged around a vast open square were recently converted into a mall of pubs, cafés, and shops. This striking public space, originally built in 1779, manages to look surprisingly modern. Methodism sank deep roots in Yorkshire, and while its stern doctrine wasn't a lot of fun, its aesthetics have aged well. The minimalist architect John Pawson, who made his name with the old Calvin Klein store on Madison Avenue, grew up a stone's throw from here. ("Piece Hall is fantastic," Pawson once told me in an interview, adding that as a child, its straight lines engraved themselves on his brain.)

The industry and landscape of Yorkshire also left their marks on two giants of modern sculpture, Barbara Hepworth and Henry Moore, both of whom were raised here. That in itself is enough to certify the county's claim to be the U.K.'s unofficial sculpture capital—one it asserts every summer in a wonderful festival, the Yorkshire Sculpture International. (Due to the COVID-19 pandemic, the event went mostly online for 2020, though most participating venues had reopened by late summer.)

A short drive east from Halifax is the Hepworth Wakefield. The museum is a jewel, opened in 2011 and housed in a blocky building by David Chipperfield that's a pretty fine sculpture itself. Inside you can find the hollowed-out forms Hepworth carved in wood to reveal that a sculpture can have its own organic interior. The idea felt brave and fresh in the 1960s, and it still does.

I missed the Henry Moore Institute in nearby Leeds, preferring to steer clear of Yorkshire's biggest city, but I can't imagine a better setting for Moore's monumental *Reclining Woman* than the Yorkshire Sculpture Park, just outside Wakefield. Scattered among 500 acres of grassland and woodland on the old Bretton Estate are dozens of immense, sometimes startling objects. The juxtaposition of modern sculpture and grazing sheep is idyllic—if occasionally jarring. I will not soon forget gazing out over the pasture while

► *The North Yorkshire Moors Railway has had starring roles in multiple TV and film productions.*

contemplating the exposed unicorn innards of Damien Hirst's *Myth*.

I drove back to Halifax through the village of Hebden Bridge, which has been beckoning bohemians and hipsters from all over England for some time now. It's clear right away that this is not your typical sober Yorkshire mill town: window and doorframes are painted blue, orange, green, and purple. The main drag could have been transplanted from Brooklyn—the artisanal soap maker, the bike shop, the vegetarian café—and I'm told housing in town is getting just as pricey. How hip is Hebden Bridge? When the Calder River flooded in 2012, Patti Smith flew in to play a benefit at the tiny Trades Club, considered one of England's best music venues.



ILLUSTRATION BY MAY PARSEY







◀
Fountains Abbey, in York, is one of the largest—and most impressive—monastic ruins in the U.K.

Just outside of town, a charming gastropub called Stubbing Wharf straddles a sliver of land between the Calder River and the Rochdale Canal. I wanted to stop here for lunch because former poet laureate Ted Hughes, another local son, wrote a dreary poem called *Stubbing Wharfe* about eating here with his wife, the writer Sylvia Plath, when the couple were living in Hebden Bridge. “This gloomy memorial of a valley” is what he called the region in his poem. “A gorge of ruined mills and abandoned chapels.”

That’s not the view from Stubbing Wharf today. Outside, a steady stream of hikers clomped merrily past my table along the canal towpath. The pub’s monstrous portion of fish-and-chips was excellent. Plath, though one of the most celebrated female poets of all time, merits barely a footnote in Hebden’s past. Instead, Hebden Bridge is known as an LGBTQ-friendly town, and celebrates its reputation as the lesbian capital of the U.K.

THE AREA JUST NORTH of West Yorkshire, where I headed next, looked like a big, empty splotch of green on my Google Map. This is the Yorkshire Dales National Park, a broad expanse of rolling hills and shaded valleys (known locally as dales) broken up by low stone walls and clear, swift streams. Here, beauty exists in perfect balance, neither too tame nor too savage.

Grantley Hall, just outside the town of Ripon, lies right on the edge of Nidderdale, a corner of the Dales considered so sublime that Her Majesty’s government added its approval to God’s by designating it an AONB, or Area of Outstanding Natural Beauty. Grantley Hall’s current owner, Valeria Sykes, relaunched the stately Palladian mansion as a hotel just last year. Sykes, now 76, grew up a coal miner’s daughter in Barnsley, down south in Yorkshire. In 2012, she divorced her exceedingly rich husband and spent a reported \$90 million of her settlement doing up Grantley Hall good and proper. “I wanted to put Yorkshire on the luxury map,” Sykes said in one newspaper interview.

I stayed in one of the plush grand suites overlooking the endless front lawn with its traditional ha-ha. (What is a ha-ha, you ask? It is a steep drop-off that prevents sheep from wandering up to the front door, designed to be invisible so as not to mar the view. Of course, if you don’t know it’s there, you fall in. Ha ha.)

The structure itself needs little help to shine. It was owned and added to by a succession of men who were good at making money and

▼
*A work by
Yorkshire sculptor
Barbara Hepworth
at the Hepworth
Wakefield gallery.*

wanted people to know it. Thomas Norton kicked things off in about 1710, when he began work on the original building. In 1760, his son Fletcher Norton, an avaricious lawyer known locally as Sir Bullface Doublefee, extended Grantley Hall out sideways, the better to fan his plumage. “It’s all frontage—look at me, look at me!” says Anne Harrison, the hotel’s head of guest relations and its unofficial historian. “All the Norton men were unpleasant.”

Portraits of a few of these feckless rotters line the wall on the way to dinner, along with the portrait of another of the doughty women who seem to keep popping up in Yorkshire. This one was Caroline Norton, wife of Fletcher’s even more odious grandson George. In 1836, Caroline left George, who then denied her any property or access to their three children. Norton fought back, and her ceaseless pleas to Parliament led eventually to the passage of landmark feminist legislation. Many Englishwomen, Valeria Sykes not least among them, owe her a debt.





▲
*Pieces by Henry
 Moore tower over
 the Yorkshire
 Sculpture Park.*

►
*The David
 Chipperfield-
 designed
 Hepworth
 Wakefield.*



►
*Hebden Bridge,
once an industrial
town but today a
thriving center for
arts and culture.*

THE FOOD GAME IN YORKSHIRE is lively and played for high stakes. There are more Michelin stars here—five in all—than in any other county in the U.K. outside of London. In hiring Shaun Rankin, Grantley Hall clearly means to up Yorkshire's count. (Rankin already won a star for Bohemia, on the Channel Island of Jersey.) Rankin has said that he aims to fill his market basket within 25 miles of the hotel. This is not such a tight straitjacket: Yorkshire's beef and lamb are renowned, and its produce is bountiful. There are exceptions to Rankin's rule, of course—Wensleydale, home of one of England's iconic cheeses, is 35 miles away. But vanilla, which grows in Madagascar, doesn't come anywhere close. Rankin was raised in North Yorkshire, and he knows his way around its woods. So he makes his "vanilla" ice cream from a locally available herb called woodruff, which has a similar flavor.

Driving straight east from Ripon, away from the Dales, you cross Dere Street, which is the modern name for the old Roman road that splits Yorkshire lengthwise. On the far side of this thoroughfare, the character of the land changes strongly and quickly. Glades give way to bare, low hills that roll eastward to the North Sea. Before long, you enter the uplands of North York Moors National Park, which in September are quilted purple with heather. It's a sadder, lonelier landscape than the Dales, but equally beautiful.

There are many ways to take it in, but the quaintest and most romantic

(Continued on page 103)





Seeing Yorkshire in Style

Getting There

Manchester is the nearest major airport to Yorkshire; change planes in London for the hop north. The area is also easily reached by train to Halifax, Leeds, or York.

Where to Stay

I adored **Grantley Hall** (grantleyhall.co.uk; doubles from \$488), a converted 17th-century mansion with 47 rooms and suites and a restaurant helmed by chef Shaun Rankin. **Holdsworth House** (holdsworthhouse.co.uk; doubles from \$143) lies on the edge of busy Halifax, but sitting in the hotel's Jacobean garden, you'd never know it. Just outside York, I stayed at the **Feversham Arms Hotel** (fevershamarmshotel.com; doubles from \$158), a stylishly restored former coaching inn in the village of Helmsley.

Where to Eat

At the **Shibden Mill Inn** (shibdenmillinn.com; entrées \$19–\$39), you can feast on dishes like duck-fat brioche prepared with hen of the woods mushrooms, slow-cooked duck egg, and scallions. The **Stubbing Wharf**

(stubbing.co.uk; entrées \$10–\$20) is a quaint little pub on the Rochdale Canal that cooks up a dynamite fish and chips. **Black Swan at Oldstead** (blackswanoldstead.co.uk; tasting menu \$160) has a clutch of awards for chef Tommy Banks's way with local produce. Don't miss the Yorkshire pudding at Andrew Pern's Michelin-starred **Star Inn at Harome** (thestaratharome.co.uk; entrées \$19–\$44).

What to See

The 15th-century estate at **Shibden Hall** (museums.calderdale.org.uk) is a must-visit for fans of the TV series *Gentleman Jack*. The **Hepworth Wakefield** (hepworthwakefield.org) and **Yorkshire Sculpture Park** (ysp.org) showcase works by local sculpture stars Henry Moore and Barbara Hepworth. You'll find haunting ruins at **Whitby Abbey** (english-heritage.org.uk) and **Fountains Abbey** (nationaltrust.org.uk), while the **North Yorkshire Moors Railway** (nymr.co.uk) covers one of the most scenic routes in the U.K.

How to Book

T+L A-List travel advisor **Anne Scully** (anne@mccabeworld.com; 703-945-7768) can help plan a Yorkshire trip. — J.L.



*Setting out for
Upcountry Maui.
Opposite: Horses
along Thompson
Road, in Maui.*

MAUI:



Upcountry Magic

Far from the gleaming beachfront resorts, the Hawaiian island's inland heart is overlooked by most travelers. But within its small towns, locals have established alluring boutiques, restaurants, and places to stay. Their unifying principle? A celebration of this land—and the work of the artists, designers, and entrepreneurs who call it home.

BY JEN MURPHY PHOTOGRAPHS BY BAILEY REBECCA ROBERTS



Clifton and Reba Dodge at their cottage, Malu Manu. Below: Watermelon slices await arriving guests.



MALU MANU IS ARGUABLY Maui's most magnificent lookout. At this 1920s log cabin rental, set 4,000 feet up on the west-facing slopes of the Haleakala volcano, guests can gaze down upon the island's northern and western coasts, as well as the craggy ridges of the West Maui Mountains. On my first night there, the weather was chilly enough to warrant putting on a puffy jacket and throwing kiawe wood in the cabin's stone fireplace. That evening, a welcome book revealed that the name, *malu manu*, means "sanctuary of birds" in the Hawaiian language. The moniker rang true the next morning when a symphony of birdsong from endemic species such as apapane and amakihi awakened me to a pastel sunrise.

Golden beaches and cerulean sea lured me to Maui 15 years ago, but in those early days, the interior regions—collectively referred to as Upcountry—seemed nothing more than a backdrop to coastal sun and surf. Like most tourists, I saw the misty mountains and electric-green pastures as views to be admired, worth little more attention than a day trip tacked onto a stay in the manicured beach resorts of Wailea or Kaanapali. If you watched the sunrise from the moonlike summit of Haleakala; visited the

lavender farm, winery, and dairy in Kula; and browsed the galleries of Makawao, you had "seen" Upcountry.

But as my annual trips to the island stretched from weeks to months, I was drawn inward. Far from the plummy palms and turtle-dotted shores, I found a vibrant landscape of purple-flowered jacarandas, native sandalwood, coiled hapuu ferns, and verdant ranchland. Small Upcountry towns were rich with history but far from stuck in the past. Old pineapple canneries had been turned into restaurants and boutiques. Farmers and makers were updating native traditions and celebrating all things local and from the land. These were communities where creativity thrived not for the sake of visitors, but for the people who call the island home.

One such Upcountry resident is Hawaii-born Clifton Dodge, a third-generation steward of the land on which Malu Manu sits. A biodynamic horticulturist, he and his wife, Reba, a florist and flower farmer, live next door and are responsible for the brilliant blooms outside

The bedroom at Malu Manu.





*The view from
the grounds at
Malu Manu.*

These were communities where
creativity thrived not for visitors, but
for those who call the island home.



the cabin door: cotton-candy-colored king protea straight out of the Jurassic era; spiky red and yellow pincushions. The couple has plans for agricultural tours and garden-to-table feasts. As hosts of Malu Manu, they direct guests to the hidden gems in Kula, the nearby town. These include Maui Bees, a farm and market that offers tours and beekeeping workshops and sells house-made focaccia, farm-fresh produce, and, of course, seasonal honeys.

The land surrounding Manu Malu once belonged to Maui sugar plantation magnate Joseph Cooke and his wife, Maud, the daughter of congressman and sugar plantation manager Henry Baldwin. The couple was married half an hour from the mountainside cabin at the legendary Baldwin Estate in Haiku, a 20-acre property that's been privately owned by a series of notable islanders since it was first deeded in 1849. For years, I assumed the whitewashed home with its dramatic palm-lined driveway and sweeping veranda was so grand it could only be the home of Oprah, a part-time Maui resident (she actually lives in Kula).

But last spring, the current owners, Maui photographer Erica Chan and her Vancouver-based family, reimagined the nine-bedroom residence—now known as Haiku House—as a luxury rental. I spent hours wandering the grounds, which feel like a tropical arboretum, with centuries-old monkeypods and figs, plus an organic garden and citrus orchards. Inside the home, native koa wood floors, vintage floral wallpaper, and framed sheet music for island folk songs ooze Hawaiiiana. For a moment, I was transported to the 1890s, when the Baldwins hosted Queen Liliuokalani at parties here.

A mile up the road from this gated paradise is Colleen's at the Cannery, a Haiku institution opened by Colleen Nicholas in 1996. "At the time, I'd be lucky if two cars drove by," Nicholas said of the restaurant's early days. "Haiku felt like a hideout from the hustle." Her friends questioned why she didn't open her business in the hippie town of Paia, but Nicholas foresaw how artists would be pushed out of what has since become a bucket-list tourist stop on Maui's North Shore. "Today we call it Pahaina," she said, a jab at the surf town's transformation into a drag of pricey souvenir shops resembling touristy Lahaina.

What Nicholas envisioned as a local hangout is still going strong, three meals a day. Last September, she converted an adjacent space into a chic bar that wouldn't be out of place in Honolulu's hip Chinatown, with bold tropical

From top: Lei in progress at Hawaii Flora & Fauna, in Haliimaile; Holoholo Surf owner Julie Stone, second from left, with creative partner Camille Campbell and team members Lesley Cummings and Lindsay Takekawa.





Hawaii Flora & Fauna founder Lauren Shearer at work in her shop.

wallpaper, craft cocktails, and late hours. “It was a rebirth of sorts,” Nicholas said. “I sensed the community wanted a place like this. I know I did.” The staying power of Colleen’s paved the way for other businesses to take root across the street, including sushi spot Nuka and Toohey’s Butchery & Bistro, a discerning eatery that hosts live music on its patio.

Ten minutes north, the tropical jungles of Haiku give way to the cowboy country of Makawao. Paniolos—Hawaiian cowboys—settled this area in the 1800s, and the local roping club still hosts Hawaii’s biggest rodeo of the year. In the late 1990s, the town’s quarter-mile-long main street became known for its galleries; more recently, indie boutiques like Driftwood,





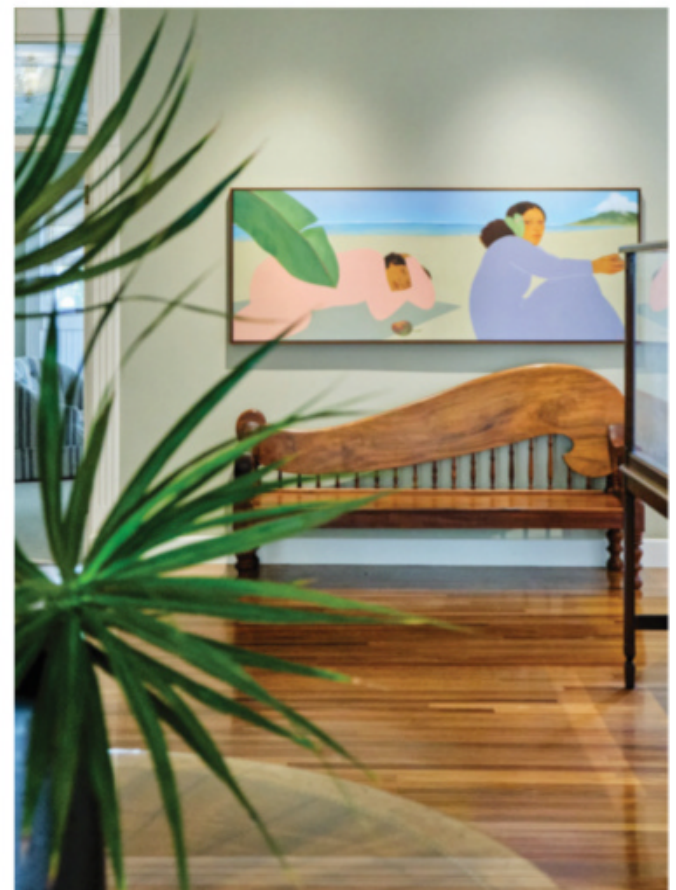
◀
The pool at Haiku House, an estate recently revamped as a private rental.

▼
The interiors at Haiku House are by Honolulu design firm Vanguard Theory.

Tribe, and Holoholo Surf have become showcases for the island’s most talented jewelers, designers, and craftspeople.

No store embodies the local maker ethos better than Monarch Collective, opened last July by jewelers and friends Perri Ricci and Nickoel Martyn. “We were originally looking for a space in Paia because of the foot traffic, but the shops Upcountry felt more geared toward locals,” Ricci said. “Everything around here is more specialized and has a story behind it.” The shop’s pegboard walls display Ricci’s gold-accented bangles, made with puka shells she collects on neighboring islands, and Martyn’s watermelon-tourmaline necklaces, as well as pieces from 20 other Hawaii artists, including printmaker Susanna Cromwell and silk dyer Jennifer Miller. Most of the artists work a shift in the store, and regular events, like a pop-up pearl bar where clients can help design their own necklaces, let visitors interact with the makers.

That connection with customers leads to education, said Lauren Shearer, the Maui-born founder of Hawaii Flora & Fauna. At her jewel box of a studio in Haliimaile, a small town five





The famously picturesque Thompson Road, near Kula, in Upcountry Maui.



Clockwise from top: Pearl necklaces in progress at Monarch Collective; store owners Perri Ricci and Nickoel Martyn; Nuka's baked California roll with salmon, tobiko, and bonito flakes.

minutes north of Makawao, Shearer crafts modern versions of traditional lei from foraged finds like blue jade, ficus berries, and pikake buds, a favorite of Princess Kaiulani, the last heir to the Hawaiian throne. "The ubiquitous purple-orchid lei bestowed upon visitors as a sign of welcome isn't even traditionally Hawaiian," Shearer lamented. "The flowers are scentless and shipped in from Thailand."

Shearer's studio could double as a natural history museum. Its shelves are lined with giant lobster claws, spiny skeletons of puffer fish, and vintage glass jars filled with tiny puka

shells. When I stopped by one weekend, I found her head down, face hidden behind her long dark locks, patiently weaving silvery-gray strands of Pele's hair—Spanish moss—and violet-hued crown flowers into a lei popo, or flower crown. Her workshop table is piled high with shiny lime-green seedpods, coconut flower buds, and clusters of rosy hee berries. In her quest to expand beyond custom orders, which can take up to seven hours per lei, Shearer, along with friend Beth Elliott, reimaged an old gas station into a store last December, called the Haliimaile Filling Station.

ILLUSTRATION BY MAY PARSEY



Go Off the Beaten Path in Upcountry Maui

Where to Stay

For couples, the one-bedroom **Malu Manu** ([fb.com/malumanu](https://www.facebook.com/malumanu); cabin from \$225) offers cozy cabin digs and killer views. For groups, the exclusive-use **Haiku House** ([haikuhousemaui.com](https://www.haikuhousemaui.com); villa from \$6,500) has nine bedrooms, lovely grounds, and a concierge team to book excursions.

Where to Eat

In Haiku, **Colleen's at the Cannery** ([colleensinhaiku.com](https://www.colleensinhaiku.com); entrées \$19–\$30) serves unfussy basics all day long. Sushi spot **Nuka** ([nukamaui.com](https://www.nukamaui.com); entrées \$14–\$28) sources locally and mills rice in-house. The burgers at **Toohey's Butchery & Bistro** ([tooheysbutchery.com](https://www.tooheysbutchery.com); entrées \$7–\$20) are legendary—after lunch, visit the butcher and buy something to cook for dinner. Hawaiian produce, meat, and fish have been the focus at **Haliimaile General Store** ([hgs](https://www.hgsmaui.com)

[maui.com](https://www.mauicom); entrées \$30–\$46) since it opened in 1987.

Where to Shop

Head to **Maui Bees** ([mauibeas.com](https://www.mauibeas.com)) in Kula for honey, farm tours, and workshops. **Driftwood** ([driftwoodmaui.com](https://www.driftwoodmaui.com)), in Makawao, sells women's wear and home goods with an easygoing vibe; nearby, find hippie-with-an-edge apparel at **Tribe** ([tribemaui.com](https://www.tribemaui.com)). **Holoholo Surf** ([holoholosurf.com](https://www.holoholosurf.com)) stocks swimwear designed by owner Julie Stone and colorful longboards from Manuela Shapes. **Monarch Collective** ([monarchcollectivemaui.com](https://www.monarchcollectivemaui.com)) showcases work by local artists. The lei at sister shops **Hawaii Flora & Fauna** ([hawaiiflorafauna.com](https://www.hawaiiflorafauna.com)) and **Haliimaile Filling Station** ([hfsmaui.com](https://www.hfsmaui.com)) are made with materials that nod to the history of the craft.

How to Book

Hawaii specialist **Marilyn Clark** (marilyn@lighthousetravel.net; 844-339-1774), a member of T+L's A-List of top travel advisors, can organize an itinerary that includes Upcountry Maui.

“At first glance, it looks like a Midwest truck stop,” she joked. “You half expect tumbleweeds to roll past.”

For decades, visitors came to this town only to dine at Haliimaile General Store, chef Bev Gannon's pioneering farm-to-table restaurant, or to tour the adjacent pineapple farm. But the Filling Station has become a magnet. A boutique, gallery, and gathering space of sorts, the shop sells Shearer's lei but also the colorful, dreamlike landscape paintings of local artist Jennifer Valenzuela and bangles and hoops decorated with conch and coral

from jeweler Bella Resta, who sources her wares exclusively in Paris and Maui.

Before the pandemic hit, the shop had emerged as a community hub thanks to a roster of events, including a book club and workshops on subjects ranging from crystal-sage bundles to orchid care. Now, as with many businesses, its future is uncertain, but Shearer is determined to continue her work. “My mission is to share knowledge,” she said. “When people come to Maui I want them not only to see the beauty of our local plants but also to feel the mana—the energy—“of the place I call home.” ➦

When the Lights Go Down

Paris might be the best place in the world to go to the movies, with some 400 screens still lit up nightly—many in historic buildings with landmarked façades and chandeliered auditoriums.

JAY CHESHES visits the city's most iconic art-house theaters, discovering a culture of cinema-going that refuses to go dark.

Photographs by **AMBROISE TÉZENAS**

Le Champo-Espace Jacques Tati, one of several independent movie houses in the Latin Quarter of Paris.







LEARNED FIRSTHAND about the French passion for auteur cinema during a junior year abroad in Aix-en-Provence, in southern France. Between classes I'd spend afternoons surrounded by cinephiles at the art-house theater near my student apartment, discovering the films of Jacques Rivette, Jim Jarmusch, and Wim Wenders. I crashed the Cannes Film Festival that spring, hopping the train to the Côte d'Azur and talking my way into screenings at the small theaters hidden in the alleys behind the Promenade de la Croisette.

This was back in the 1990s, long before online streaming put small, independent theaters on life support across the U.S. and beyond. On return visits to Paris, though, I've been thrilled to discover the cinema-going experience still thriving, with more than a dozen art-house spaces showing a remarkably eclectic mix of indie imports and retro revivals alongside the usual Hollywood blockbusters. Many of these theaters have struggled, certainly, and some have closed, but film lovers—even amid the pandemic—are keeping many landmarks going. After all, even with pressure building from Netflix and Amazon, all films are required to have a French theatrical run to compete at Cannes.

Before it shut down five years ago, La Pagode, which sits in the shadow of the Eiffel Tower, was among the city's most iconic repertory film destinations. Beyond its Japanese-temple-inspired façade was a cinephile's opulent fantasia with plush red seats, sconces shaped like snakes, and a bamboo-shaded Zen garden out back. The building, conceived as a bauble for a rich man's wife in the late 19th century, had been a movie house since 1931 and a haven for auteur cinema from the late 1950s until its closing. Jean Cocteau's *Testament of Orpheus* premiered there in 1959. In the 1970s, director Louis Malle, along with his brother, Vincent, oversaw programming, screening some of the most controversial films of the time there.

Two years after its closure, a savior emerged for the theater: Charles Cohen, a New York-based real estate mogul and film fanatic who bought the building, promising to restore it. The largest distributor of French films in the U.S., he is obsessive about preserving the moviegoing tradition. "I'm a big believer in the idea of sitting in the theater with other people," he says. "I think you lose a lot when you watch a movie by yourself, or on the run, or on your phone." His refurbished La Pagode is due to launch in two years, with four screens and a wine bar.

While Paris awaits the reopening of La Pagode, there are plenty of equally evocative theaters to explore. And most have adopted COVID-19-related safety measures such as social distancing, limited seating, and the mandatory use of face masks in the concession areas.

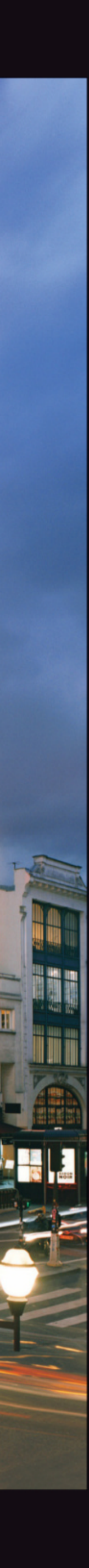
The Latin Quarter is home to the city's largest concentration of historic art-house theaters. Film majors from La Sorbonne fill the diminutive screening rooms at Le Champo-Espace Jacques Tati, which opened in 1938, and at its Baroque neighbor, La Filmothèque du Quartier Latin, which replaced a cabaret when it launched in 1956. Le Champo, which was a hotbed of the French New Wave frequented by François Truffaut

► Clockwise from top left: The ornate Great Hall of Le Grand Rex; the hall's orchestra-level seating; an intimate projection space at Le Champo; Egyptian-style ornamentation inside the refurbished main auditorium of Le Louxor.









A MEAL AND A MOVIE ARE STILL MY DEFINITION OF A PERFECT NIGHT OUT IN PARIS.

and Claude Chabrol (who called it his “second university”), is today known for screening films from the golden age of avant-garde European cinema.

Long before the rise of the modern multiplex, the Grands Boulevards of Paris were lined with ornate movie palaces, which would host glamorous premieres of the latest films. Le Max Linder Panorama, which dates from 1912, remains the largest single-screen theater in Paris, showing mostly Hollywood blockbusters, with two balconies and seating for 579. Le Grand Rex, which opened just up the street in 1932, hosts both live performances and film screenings in its ornate Great Hall, which, at a capacity of 2,702, is the largest movie-theater auditorium in

◀
*Towering over the Boulevard
Poissonnière, Le Grand Rex
is an Art Deco landmark.*

Europe. Though the programming is mostly commercial these days, the building has become such a landmark that visitors can now book an interactive behind-the-scenes tour.

The films are much quirkier at Le Louxor Palais du Cinéma, which opened in 1921 at the base of Montmartre. Following years of neglect, the theater was rescued by local residents—with help from the mayor of Paris—and reopened in 2013 after a three-year restoration of its Egyptian-themed façade and interior. Today you can grab a glass of biodynamic wine at its Bar du Louxor while waiting for your documentary or Charlie Chaplin revival to start.

For one of the city’s most intimate auteur experiences, head up the hill toward Sacré-Coeur, to the 92-year-old Studio 28, one of the first art-house theaters in France and a cinephile pilgrimage site. The single-screen theater, known for its early support of surrealist cinema, features light fixtures by Jean Cocteau and interiors refurbished by production designer Alexandre Trauner in the 1980s. It also has an exhibition space dedicated to film history and a bar and café that spills into an intimate courtyard garden.

The experience of watching a movie in a historic cinema like Studio 28 remains as integral to French culture as dining in an old-fashioned bistro—another favorite pastime from my study-abroad days. More than 25 years later, a meal and a movie are still my definition of a perfect night out in Paris. ➤

Where to Catch a Flick in Paris

Le Champo- Espace Jacques Tati

A two-screen cinema with an Art Deco façade in the Latin Quarter. *cinema-lechampo.com.*

La Filmothèque du Quartier Latin

This intimate space is known for its eclectic programming and

its red-velvet-clad screening rooms. *lafilmothèque.fr.*

Le Max Linder Panorama

A three-tiered cinema situated on the Grands Boulevards and named after its former owner, silent-film star Max Linder. *maxlinder.com.*

Le Grand Rex

Guided tours of this theater—home to the largest auditorium in Europe—include a walk-through of the venue’s eight screening rooms, plus a visit backstage. *legrandrex.com.*

Le Louxor Palais du Cinéma

The 1917 silent

film *Cleopatra* inspired the design of this theater, located near the Gare du Nord. *cinemalouxor.fr.*

Studio 28

This atmospheric cinema in Montmartre doubles as a space for art exhibitions. *cinema-studio28.fr.*

the

WRITER



From pioneering female reporters and Black novelists to immigrant authors who struggled to adjust to **AATISH TASEER** celebrates the outsiders who have seen and documented the globe with

and the

WORLD



From far left:
The American
author James
Baldwin
touches down
at JFK on his
return from
Paris in 1965;
English novelist
and reporter
Rebecca West
on the streets
of London in
1960; the
Trinidad-born
writer V. S.
Naipaul in
Paris in 1992.

their new homes, the best voices in travel writing have always had one thing in common. clear eyes—and whose perspectives are more relevant than ever.

▼
Mexican diplomat
and writer Octavio
Paz in front of the
Spanish parliament
in Madrid in 1982.

►
Aldous Huxley,
right, and a friend
on the terrace of
Café de Flore, in
Paris, in the 1940s.



IN 1925, Aldous Huxley set off on a journey around the world to collect material for his travelogue *Jesting Pilate*. Huxley, though only 31 and not yet the author of *Brave New World*, was already a literary star in London and was feted on his arrival in India. In the city then known as Bombay, he was invited to a tea party by Sarojini Naidu, an eminent politician. A young Muslim man rose and recited some verses by the Urdu-language poet and philosopher Muhammad Iqbal. The subject of the poem was Sicily. It was “a Mohammedan’s indignant lament,” Huxley wrote, “that the island which had once belonged to the Muslims should now be in the hands of the infidels.”

Hearing the words in translation, Huxley felt some indignation of his own. “For us good Europeans,” he wrote, “Sicily is Greek, is Latin, is Christian. The Arab occupation is an interlude, an irrelevance.” It was unreasonable, Huxley felt, to represent a place he considered to be “classical ground” as “a piece of unredeemed Araby.”

But then, mid-indignation, Huxley stopped himself. His tone changed from strident to reflective. It seems to have dawned on him that this business of seeing and being seen, of contesting narratives describing the same place, like a Venn diagram at war with itself, is not extraneous to the idea of travel, but in fact strikes at its very essence. “In the traveler’s life,” Huxley wrote, “these little lessons in the theory of relativity are daily events.”

The sense of affront Huxley felt that day in Mumbai, as travel forced another idea of history upon him, is particularly relevant to the moment of reckoning we find ourselves in today. From Seattle to Brussels, from Cape Town to Bristol, England, statues are being torn down and major institutions renamed, some representing racists and slavers (King Leopold II, Woodrow Wilson,

THIS SPREAD, FROM LEFT: QUIM LLENAS/COVER/GETTY IMAGES; ROBERT DOTISNEAU/GAMMA-RAPHO/GETTY IMAGES; ULLSTEIN BILD/GETTY IMAGES; PREVIOUS SPREAD, FROM LEFT: HULTON ARCHIVE/GETTY IMAGES; EDDIE WORTH/AP/SHUTTERSTOCK; A. ABBAS/MAGNUM PHOTOS



Edward Colston), others depicting figures more typically thought of as heroes (Gandhi, Winston Churchill, George Washington). History, with a capital *H*, is alive as never before.

Across the world, our settled narratives of how we view the past are being disrupted, leading us to question everything, from which writers we choose to read to what our newsrooms should look like. Which voices have we privileged, and which have we ignored? Do the people we venerate look like us? Do they speak for us? Have certain races, genders, or backgrounds been disproportionately represented, and have others been edged out? Huxley in his day had to travel to India to understand the discomfort of having his deepest values questioned. Today, as history is being reexamined in the West, that discomfort has come home to us.

While this sensation is new to many in the U.S., it is very familiar to a group of travel writers I have always found particularly compelling—a group I like to categorize as “outsiders.” By this I mean authors who, because of their race, gender, sexual orientation, or class, cannot travel as if the world was theirs and, as a result, tend to see with clearer eyes, without foisting their worldview onto the people they encounter.

Perhaps my favorite of these writers was the late V. S. Naipaul, who was also a mentor of sorts

▲
The Hungarian writer Arthur Koestler, aboard a zeppelin bound for the North Pole, in 1931.

to me. Naipaul was descended from Indians who had been sent to the Caribbean as indentured laborers by the British after the abolition of slavery. While Huxley belonged to what he described as “that impecunious but dignified section of the upper middle class which is in the habit of putting on dress-clothes to eat,” and went abroad as the emissary of an empire that controlled one-fifth of the planet, Naipaul was by contrast the quintessential outsider. In his 1990 book, *India: A Million Mutinies Now*, Naipaul describes a process of awakening that could easily sum up the moment we are going through now. “To awaken to history,” he wrote, “was to cease to live instinctively. It was to begin to see oneself and one’s group the way the outside world saw one; and it was to know a kind of rage.”

I have always been keenly aware of the role of the outsider in travel writing. I grew up gay, of mixed parentage (half Indian, half Pakistani), in New Delhi. I lived and worked in the United Kingdom, and later made the United States my home. I am married to someone from Tennessee, of an evangelical Christian background. For someone like me, assuming a single perspective was never an option.

Starting out as a writer, I found that the body of travel literature that was available to me was invariably written by Europeans. This meant that the people to whom I was connected by race, religion, culture, and language did not speak; or they spoke in ways that did not tell the whole story. For example, my grandfather, a poet from Lahore, was a student of Muhammad Iqbal, the poet Huxley encountered in Mumbai. (Iqbal in fact officiated my grandfather’s marriage, to a woman from East London.) My grandfather could very easily have been the “young Mohammedan” in Huxley’s story. But I have to imagine that man into existence, because, in the Huxley essay, he is a voiceless caricature.

It is that need to restore a voice to people silenced by history that has given rise to a new kind of literature. In 2013, Kamel Daoud, a journalist from Algeria, wrote a novel, *The Meursault Investigation*, in which he retold Albert Camus’ *The Stranger* from the perspective of the Algerian whose brother is killed by Meursault, the hero of Camus’ masterpiece. Daoud’s novel filled a void left by history. It was a response to the enforced silence of the past, an effort to tell the other side of the story, as it were.

When you don’t have a single culture, or a single body of literature, to fall back on, it becomes necessary to

(Continued on page 102)



(Travel Writing, continued from page 101)

find people who answer your need for representation. In my own life, I have sought out voices like that of Arthur Koestler, a Hungarian Jew who, in the first half of the 20th century, was forced out of multiple countries in Europe before he settled in England. Or Octavio Paz, a Mexican Nobel Prize-winning poet and diplomat who was posted in Paris, Tokyo, and New Delhi, the last of which he wrote about in his book, *In Light of India*.

Paz and Koestler had nothing in common, except that both men were in their own ways quintessential outsiders. They could not assume the mantle of speaking from the center of power and cultural dominance. It is the oblique angle from which they approach their material that makes them kindred spirits.

When I first moved to the United States, I felt a certain impatience with history here—with the notion that this country was almost exempt from the demands of the past. It was Paz, writing from half a world away, who spoke to my apprehension. In places like India, Paz wrote, “the future to be realized, implies a critique of the past.” The U.S. was different, Paz felt. “The past of each of its ethnic groups is a private matter; the country itself has no past. It was born with modernity; it is modernity.”

The United States certainly seems to have a past now, a past that refuses to go quiet. We are being forced to ask ourselves whether the American wish to be free of history arose out of the desire to be rid of stories that are painful or difficult. Here again, it is an outsider, this time an Englishwoman, writing at a time when the literary world was largely dominated by men, who provides a clue. In the late 1940s, Rebecca West—the author of one of my favorite works of travel writing, *Black Lamb and Grey Falcon*, an inquiry into the persistence of history in the Balkans—was in Nuremberg, reporting on the Nazi trials.

There, she wrote of an earlier incident in the U.S., between an American newspaper owner with “vast industrial interests” who was showing a group of European guests around his building, and a Black elevator man “who proved to be from the South, and illiterate.” Noticing the tension between the two, one of the Europeans remarked, “Ah, yes, you Americans have your problems like the rest of us.” Which is to say: you, too, are subject to the laws of history. “The newspaper owner looked brutal in his contempt,” West wrote, “as he said, ‘No, we have not. You have all the problems there over in Europe. But here in America we have nothing to do but just go ahead and get rich. We shall be a country with no history.’”

All writers are, of course, a product of their time, and no individual is immune from prejudice. But these prejudices are rendered almost inconsequential when compared with the prejudice reinforced by the might of an empire or a powerful country. It is these that the “outsider” disrupts, and why his or her role is so valuable. The received wisdom of a society, any

society, is never benign. The loudest assertions we make often come at the expense of people who cannot join us in our vehemence, usually because their experience is so unlike ours. The figure of the outsider matters precisely because he or she upsets our notions of who we believe we are. The appearance of such a figure is by design a provocation.

I can think of no better example than “Stranger in the Village,” the last of the essays in James Baldwin’s marvelous collection *Notes of a Native Son*, which was published in 1955. In the essay Baldwin recounted his arrival in “a tiny Swiss village,” where by all accounts the local population had never set eyes on a Black man before. What followed is possibly the greatest testament to the power of the gaze of the outsider in travel literature. Baldwin used the isolation of the village as a theater in which to reenact the meeting of the Black and white races on the North American continent, with all the wonder, fear, and trauma that entails.

Unlike the newspaperman in West’s story, Baldwin was under no illusion about what history has wrought in America: “People are trapped in history and history is trapped in them.” This is not the history of history books; this is raw, not-yet-dealt-with history that roils away under the surface of a society. At the heart of it is pain, confrontation, and the profound discomfort of seeing oneself through other eyes.

“You never had to look at me,” Baldwin once wrote, addressing his white compatriots. “I had to look at you. I know more about you than you know about me.”

It is to learn what the outsider knows about us, how we appear to those unlike ourselves, that we turn to the best moments in travel writing. We do that because—and these words of Baldwin’s have never been more important than they are now—“Not everything that is faced can be changed; but nothing can be changed until it is faced.” ✦

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(Yorkshire, continued from page 78)

must surely be the North Yorkshire Moors Railway. A charitable trust now operates the old steam and diesel trains that make the 18-mile run over the moors from Pickering to Whitby. Hokey as it may be, I find it difficult to resist the chugging and clanking of the old locomotives—mine was the Repton No. 926 from 1934—or the great plumes of smoke that rise up as you pull into country stations like Goathland, which stood in for Hogsmeade Station in the Harry Potter movies. More than one grown man let loose with a “whoohoo!” as the Repton 926 blew its steam whistle.

The moors meet the sea at Whitby, where the railroad line ends. There I toured the supremely haunting Whitby Abbey, which glowers over the town and the gray waves from high on the cliffs. To see the roofless nave backlit against low clouds provokes an involuntary shudder. The monastery was founded by the Abbess Hild in 657, which makes her perhaps the original eminent Yorkshirewoman, but the Gothic building whose ruins cast their spell today dates from much later.

Those ruins left their creepy imprint on Bram Stoker, who saw

them on a visit in 1890 and set several scenes from his *Dracula* in the abbey. So I was not surprised, as I wandered among the bare ruined choirs, to hear a gent in a Victorian bowler say, “Dead! And with two small holes in his neck!” They typically run theatrical renditions of *Dracula* all summer long—though they’re currently on hiatus because of the pandemic. The one I happened upon last year was pretty good, too.

IT WOULD BE HARD to pick a winner in a Dales vs. Moors cook-off. A short hop from the Feversham Arms in Helmsley, where I was staying, are two of Yorkshire’s best-loved restaurants. The Star Inn, in Harome, is a homey, low-ceilinged cottage (when I came, they were re-thatching the roof). I first stopped by for a snack, and figured that since this is Yorkshire, it would be a crime to leave without sampling its namesake pudding. What arrived were three fluffy monsters, each about the size of a grapefruit, accompanied by root vegetables and bathed in a hearty gravy. Henceforth, this will be the standard against which all Yorkshire puddings will be judged. The next day I tried the inn’s signature dish: a layered confection of black pudding, foie gras, and a caramelized apple. I could have stopped right there but, reader, I did not.

Dinner at the Black Swan in nearby Oldstead is an even more elaborate affair. Chef Tommy Banks serves up one of those operatic tasting menus where the words are as important as the music. And so it was explained to me that Banks achieves the explosive intensity of his beet salad by dehydrating and then rehydrating the beets before

sprinkling them with crumbly frozen goat-milk cheese. I felt bad asking the staff to shorten the menu so my companion wouldn’t miss her train, which is like stopping the opera before the fat lady sings. They were very good sports about it.

England is so saturated with stately homes that I sidestepped most of the Yorkshire ones. I made an exception for Castle Howard, and I’m so glad I did. This property, just south of the moors in the Howardian Hills, is the stately pile’s stately pile. When a TV or film production needs a grand country seat as a location, they’re very likely to book Castle Howard. It stood in for *Brideshead* in the beloved 1981 TV adaptation of Evelyn Waugh’s *Brideshead Revisited*, and I arrived there a month ahead of a film crew from Netflix.

Suffice it to say, the grandeur here—of the house, the park, the art collection—is even grander than is the norm for this kind of place. The Howards, or some of them, still live here in a wing far, far away. Lucky them, you say? Yes and no. Through history, 19 Howards lost their heads on the chopping block, which, to paraphrase Oscar Wilde, seems more like carelessness than misfortune.

Rain had begun to fall as I made my way back to the Feversham Arms Hotel. The morning weather report had put the chance of a shower at one in three, but the woman at the front desk explained that in Yorkshire, one in three means 90 percent. “Nice weather for ducks,” she said cheerfully. Ducks and Yorkshiremen, who rarely let a passing downpour get in their way. I noted, even with the rain pelting down, no one got out of the hotel’s outdoor pool. ➤



YOUR BEST SHOT

“MY TWO BROTHERS AND I were in Kyoto, Japan, last October for the Rugby World Cup, and decided to do some sightseeing between matches. As we strolled the gardens of Kinkaku-ji temple, it started to pour, so we ran for shelter under this persimmon tree. From there, I could appreciate the green hills, pale-gray sky, and the wonderful sound the rain made on the lily-pad-covered pond. We were drenched, but I was so happy to be there, in such a magical place, with my family. It’s this image—not the dozens we took at the rugby tournament—that the three of us love most from the trip.”

— READER DAVID LANDRY ON HIS PHOTOGRAPH, SHOT WITH AN IPHONE 8, OCTOBER 2019

David Landry was an entrant in our ongoing Photo of the Day contest. Submit your best shots at travelandleisure.com/photos/photo-of-the-day for the chance to be featured on this page in a future issue.



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